

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Agoniae Christi

By BURTON CONFREY

Celtic and Viking Claims

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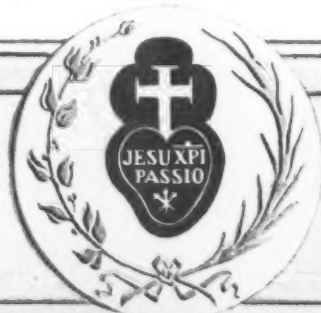
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Vol. 8, No. 8

March, 1929

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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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Militant Catholicism

THE NEED OF INTELLIGENT LAY ACTION

OUR attention is called to "At the Cross Roads" by Mr. F. J. Sheed (pages 479-482). This is the second and concluding paper on the great work of the Catholic Evidence Guilds as carried on in England, Holland and Australia. The work was started in London towards the end of 1918. There are now two Guilds in Holland and one in Australia. The Guilds operate in thirty English cities. In the Westminster Guild alone there are over one hundred and twenty lay speakers holding on an average some forty meetings every week.

The purpose of the Guilds is to teach the Faith in open-air meetings at street corners, in parks or any other available places. The teaching is done, almost exclusively, by laymen and laywomen. These are not, as might be imagined, a sort of Catholic Salvation Army nor a half-baked Religious Order. They are just a body of convinced and instructed Catholics who are doing the plain and matter-of-fact work of bringing Catholicism to that great body of non-Catholics who will not go after it.

"These speakers are of the widest variety of types; educated and uneducated, and all grades between; clever and not so clever—and not clever at all; simply a collection of ordinary Catholics doing their ordinary work, living their ordinary lives, giving their spare time to the work. The vast majority had never made a speech in their lives. But, trained by the Guild, carefully tested by priests on each separate doctrine or institution of the Church, they manage, with varying degrees of excellence, to do something towards teaching the Faith to others."

In many respects the Church at home is fifty years ahead of the Church abroad. In other respects She is fifty years behind. One of the latter respects is Her apparent lack of anything for Her laymen to do outside of acting as ushers, contributing to collections and marching in parades. The program of the Catholic Evidence Guild and its marvelous accomplishments in the short period of its existence point the way to a much needed apostolate to be carried on by members of our laity. Our laity is not wanting in zeal or intelligence. Human nature is quite the same everywhere. What has effectively appealed abroad will appeal at home.

There never was a time in our history when non-Catholics in America were so interested in the teachings of the Church. Whether their attitude be one of admiration, of curiosity, of fear or of downright hate they are interested. If we have sixty millions of non-churchgoers in this country it is not because these people are irreligious but largely because they have found the Protestant churches to be spiritually bankrupt. To these the Catholic Church is an unknown quantity, or a political institution, or a haunted house full of all manner of ghosts and spooks. To present the Church to them as She is, to tell them what She actually believes and teaches, we imperatively need the assistance of our laity.

Please do read Mr. Sheed's article. If you are interested in starting an American Catholic Evidence Guild, communicate with THE SIGN. Already the Bishop of one of our large eastern dioceses has heartily and enthusiastically pledged his support to such a movement.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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Volume Eight

March, 1929

Number Eight

Current Fact and Comment

The Independence of the Holy See

UNDOUBTEDLY, the greatest event of this century so far as the Catholic Church is immediately concerned is the settling of the Roman Question. By that term is understood the dispute between the Vatican and the Italian Government which has lasted since 1870, when the Pope was robbed of his temporal power by the ruthless incorporation of the Papal States into the New Italy.

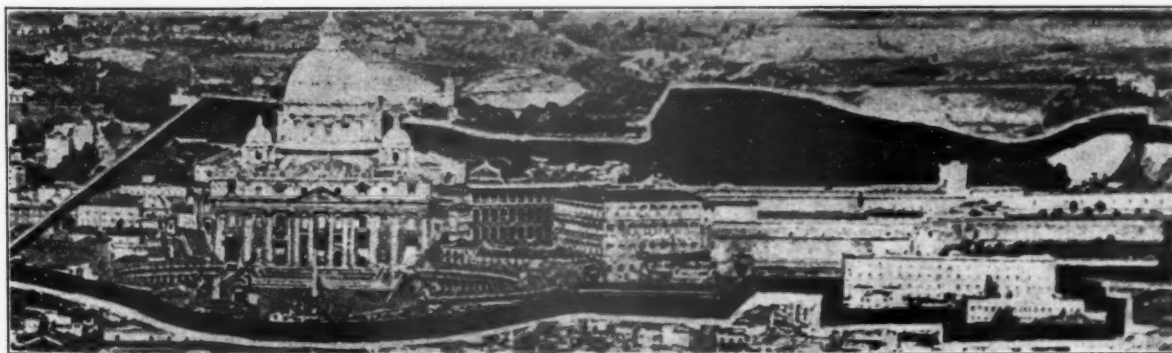
As a protest against what the then reigning Pontiff, Pius IX, rightly considered the unjust aggression and encroachment of another power he shut himself up as a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican which neither he or his four successors have ever, thus far, left. Nor have they availed themselves of certain privileges or indemnities which were offered to Pius IX under what is known as the Laws of Guarantees.

For many years there has been, almost at regularly recurring periods, much talk about the solving of the Roman Question. This talk has become insistently more

emphatic since the advent into dictatorial power of Premier Mussolini. Hence, the world was hardly surprised to learn that on February 11th, the Premier, representing the Italian Crown, and Cardinal Peter Gaspari, the Papal Secretary of State, signed in the Lateran Palace a pact and concordat between Italy and the Holy See. These documents are to be ratified later by the Pope and the King.

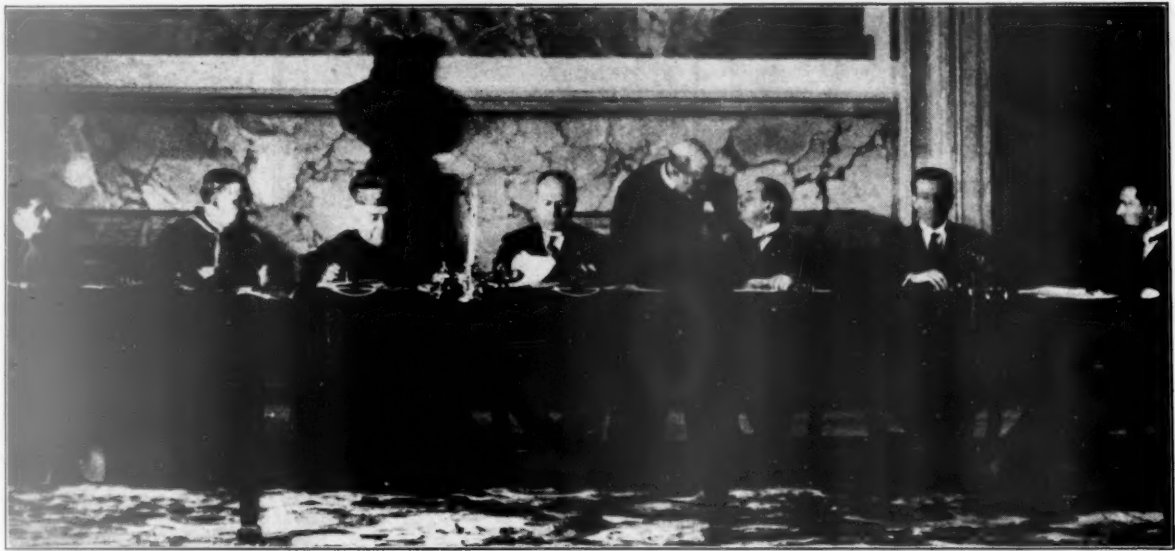
What the exact terms of these agreements are will not be known until the complete text is given publicity. It seems to be authoritatively stated that the Italian Government consents to the enforcement throughout the country of the Canon Law particularly in so far as it applies to various classes of Catholics and as it affects the decencies and morality of civil life. But the main issue is the recognition of the temporal power and independence of the Holy See.

The former Papal States are not to be restored, nor is the Pope to have an unencumbered corridor to sea.



VATICAN CITY, THE NEW PAPAL STATE, OUTLINED WITHIN THE BLACK BORDER

(P & A)



CARDINAL GASPARRI, WITH BIRETTA, SIGNING LATERAN PACT. AT HIS LEFT IS PREMIER MUSSOLINI (P & A)

In fact the Pope is to receive a very small territory beyond what he already possesses. In seeking a settlement of the Roman Question he was not looking for an enlargement of his temporal boundaries so much as demanding the full and complete recognition of his status as an independent sovereign.

Pius XI, as a long line of his predecessors, has uncompromisingly insisted on the substance of the Catholic doctrine that the Pope be accorded that outward and physical semblance of independent political power and action without which it would be quite impossible for him to stand forth as the unhampered spokesman and legislator of the Church in the exercise of his spiritual and moral authority.

What the general reaction to the Lateran Pact and Concordat will be would be difficult to forecast. In a very temperate editorial *The New York Times* observes: "In any aspect of it, this peaceful adjustment of rival claims between Italy and the Vatican is a great historic event. It must gratify, on the one hand, the dramatic instinct of Mussolini. On the other, it falls in with the policies tenaciously held by a wonderful religious organization which boasts that it is 'a thousand years the same.' The world will witness not an entire reversal of 1870, but a fresh start in 1929 of the secular march of the Roman Church."

That parlor Bolshevik, *The Nation*, sorrowfully regrets the Vatican-Italian agreement. It sees in it a sacrifice by the Church of the spiritual for the material and a lessening of the moral force of the Church for political aggrandizement. How sad, especially as coming from *The Nation* that pronounced believer in the spiritual jurisdiction of the Church. It reminds one of the self-justification of the rich capitalist who stole the poor man's penny lest such wealth should impair his morals.

Emil Lengyel, a Hungarian journalist residing in

New York City, writing in *The New Republic* sees in the agreement another illustration of the Vatican's attempt to make new friends and with a show of shallow learning is afraid that the Church is modernizing her ancient policies and is proving herself traitor to the "*Syllabus Errorum*," as though Pius XI does not understand Pius IX as least as well as Mr. Lengyel does!

All informed Catholics know the origin of temporal power of the Sovereign Pontiff. His States were not the trophy of military victory, or the outcome of political intrigue, but were the free gift of Catholic rulers, beginning with the original grant of the converted Emperor Constantine, to the Vicar of Christ. These rulers recognized the fact that the sovereignty of the Holy See was not a rival political power in conflict with theirs but was a necessary condition for the free and untrammelled action of the Pope as Head of the Church and Father of all the Faithful.

For a thousand years and more the Pope remained the undisputed King of the Papal States. His standing as an independent ruler was universally recognized by the world; and ever since 1870, when his States were taken from him, approximately twenty-five nations have continued to acknowledge his sovereignty by maintaining diplomatic relations with the Holy See. Very few, if any, historians will try to justify the action by which the Papal States were extinguished. As a strict matter of fact, Pope Pius IX could have had himself proclaimed King of Italy had he been willing to forget the sanctity of his office or allowed himself to be made the tool of a then predominant political clique.

At the fall of the Papal States it was freely predicted that the influence of the Papacy had come to an end. And this prediction was not made by the more or less ignorant. It was freely uttered in high places by persons who usually weigh their words and are supposed to be able to measure a situation. Little did they realize the

foolishness of their assertions. Stern facts have long since made it evident to all thinking men. The Church may benefit by the pomp of circumstance and the influence of power; but she is not dependant upon them. She survived the obscurity and poverty of the catacombs and emerged from them vigorous and militant. She can return to the catacombs without in anyway vitiating or lessening her vitality. Were she a human institution, she would have been wiped off the face of the earth centuries ago. But she is founded on Christ, His life is hers, His words are the guarantee of her continued existence, "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." And just because of the consciousness of her divine security she can well afford to wait. "She is a thousand years the same."

To some Americans it will appear that the Lateran Pact is a splendid accomplishment of Premier Mussolini since by it he has forced Pius XI to lend the influence

of the Papacy to the support of the Fascist Party. But the Pope is no man's puppet. In no uncertain terms has he inveighed against the military program of Fascism. His voice has been consistently outspoken in withering criticism of many acts and pretensions of the Fascists, and he has vigorously protested against such slogans as "Fascism above all" and "Il Duce is always right." To other Americans the Vatican-Italian Pact will be confirmation of the fact that the Papacy is still greedy for territory and political prestige. It is hard to give a satisfactory reply to this objection—that is to the kind of people who make it. They are the people who believe that the Pope has nefarious designs on the White House and that he shall hardly have left the Vatican before he is in Washington. It is almost impossible to undeceive them. They seem impervious to argument. Their obsession can be cast out only by prayer and fasting.



(P & A)

PART OF THE HUGE CROWD WHICH WAITED IN THE RAIN TO RECEIVE THE PAPAL BLESSING AFTER THE SIGNING OF THE VATICAN-ITALIAN TREATY

Categorica: On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

SYLVIA IN HEAVEN

That old sophisticate, *The New Yorker*, for all its frivolity has sometimes a word of pity for the devotees of the earthy great white way. Florence Kiper Franks writes the lines:

She has loved only
Glitter of light.
Will she be desolate
In the great night?

Or will the angels
Bear there to bloom
Merciful candles
To whiten her room!

Will there be down
For the little gold head
That in justice should sleep
Upon nettles instead!

She has walked always
Clad in the grace
Of quick-glowing velvet,
Of ermine and lace.

And harshly indeed
Would her sinful heart fare
If they should give her
Homespun to wear.

She has no hardihood
Yet to endure
The rigors of God
That would render her pure.

She has forgotten
The prayers she must pray
Whose lips have had only
Bright words to say.

Her feet that are languid
Would bleed in the bone
Should she go barefoot
The way to the Throne.

Let Peter abate
Her penance awhile,
Breaking his heart
On her innocent smile.

And let the dear Mary,
Tender of soul,
Grant her a Lover
For sake of her dole.

A FABLE

Heywood Broun is still discussing the recent election. Lately in his column in the *New York Telegram* he justifies Governor Smith's speech in Oklahoma against bigots and bigotry and contributes this fairy story:

Once upon a time a man named Al travelled into a far country and came upon a cave close to the road he followed. He entered singing, for in the dark the air was cool and

pleasant. But as he sang a stranger plucked at his sleeve and whispered, "Not so loud."

"And why?" said Al. "It is my own song and a good one."

The stranger pointed to a huge and ugly idol, dimly lit, at the far end of the cavern. "He might not like it," explained the native fearfully.

"And who is he?" said Al, not lowering his voice by so much as an octave. The stranger shuddered and indicated to the traveller that he should follow him inside.

"It is forbidden in the cave to mention by so much as a whisper the name of the god," he said, and all the time he trembled.

"Well, what is his name?" insisted Al. "Come, come, man! Speak up! We're in the open road."

The man drew close and, cupping his hands over Al's ear, he said in a tiny voice, "His name is Kla."

"What will happen if I name him?"

"A doom will fall."

"What doom?"

"I don't know. No one does. That's why it is so terrible."

And so Al went back into the cave and down to its deep recess and stood before the idol. "I don't like your looks," said Al, and nothing happened. "You have too many heads." But still the great stone figure remained inanimate.

From somewhere inside himself, perhaps quite close to conscience, there came a voice to the young man and it urged, "Name him! Name him! Name him!"

The traveller breathed deep until his lungs sang, and then he loosed all the air that was in him into a great shout of "Kla!" And he cried, again and again, "Kla! Kla! Kla!"

The idol swung forward slowly and then faster. There was a rumble, a roar, a crash, and after all a cloud of smoke. When it cleared there was no Kla and on the floor a handful, maybe two, of dry dust.

14,000 MILLIONAIRES—

"86 PER CENT OF AMERICANS POOR"

A dispatch of the Associated Press says that the Treasury Department expects the income tax returns to show that at least 14,000 Americans are worth a million or more. And yet the Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, says, "Eighty-six per cent of Americans are poor." Mr. Davis' statement occurs in a letter to the editor of *The Western Mail* of Cardiff, Wales:

Here and there has been for many years in Europe, and especially since the Great War, an impression that all Americans are wealthy and that poverty among us is conspicuous only through its absence. I wish, indeed, that the popular European impression were a true one, but no foreign impression of us has ever been more false.

It is true that the American worker has a standard of living which is higher than the worker of any other country knows. It is true that the standard of American living is higher than any hitherto known.

It is true that the real wage of the American worker is twice as high as that of the worker of London, three times as high as that of the worker of Paris, and more than four times as high as that of the worker of Brussels, Rome, and Madrid.

I admit that the American worker is better off than the worker of any other country in the world. But the American worker is not dwelling in Utopia. No country can be considered Utopian when 86 per cent. of its people are poor. . . .

The people of the European countries would feel more kindly toward America if they knew the truth in regard to it. They have been deceived by appearances which are far removed from reality. It may be that we are on the way to solving the problem of poverty in America. I hope we are, but we can hardly claim we have solved it so long as many Americans are living under depressing conditions.

The brotherhood of poverty is world-wide; we share it with you.

WHY HE SUBSCRIBED

"Upstate newspaper folk," says *Editor and Publisher*, "are watching with interest the repartee between the *Angelica* (N. Y.) *Advocate* and Judge Guy Hinman, recently appointed to the county bench in that district." Enclosing a check for the renewal of his subscription, Judge Hinman sent this letter:

"The enjoyment I derive from the *Advocate* consists chiefly in counting the errors in spelling, punctuation and composition. If your efforts to improve it are evidenced by results, you are casting your seed on very stony ground."

The *Advocate* editor promptly panelled the caustic comment on Page One.

THIS HARD-BOILED ERA

"The cultural trend of the day," writes Katherine Gerould in *Harpers*, "is towards a fondness for life in the raw." As proofs she cites the vogue of prize fights, of plays about gangsters, and of profanity and "frankness" on the stage; the fluent biographies of bandits and crooks and the wide demand for "robust" literature. "What makes us hard-boiled, and are we going to keep it up?" The writer is skeptical of recovery in this generation and points out:

All this, of course, is the sign of a jaded palate. The fact is that luxury like Rome's and ours always brings people back to the eternal crudities. The simple homespun creature wants chiefly softnesses that are outside his experience. But when your comforts are all guaranteed, your curiosities all satisfied, where are you going to get a "kick" except from the primitive? When has the average man been so luxuriously served as now? Most of us, as far as material comfort goes, are in a patrician position.

Now luxury can do two things. It can release us from the care of the body to the care of the spirit, and leisure can be applied to the civilizing of the individual. Or, it can tempt the individual to seek even farther and more furiously for the kind of thrill he is already familiar with. In a materialistic civilization like ours, it is the latter which more frequently happens; men take to opium rather than to scholastic philosophy. Softened by luxury, the average citizen does not care to cleanse and strengthen his own body by the practice of some difficult sport; he likes to watch other people doing it for him.

"The art of boxing is dead," I was told, some years ago, in Nevada; "what the public wants is knockouts." The same dictum applies to fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, sermons, political speeches, cartoons, and jokes. It takes extreme violence to make us sit up. No play, no book, no sporting spectacle is going to thrill us unless it can compete with the front page of the newspaper. Our emotions are roused by nothing less than knockouts. We are tired of delicate pleasures, because they no longer excite us; we need heavier sedatives and more powerful stimulants. The gentle contests, the simple pleasures fail to quicken us.

Nothing is easier and less helpful than to say of "hard-boiledness" that we should do well to get over it. No one

in a hard-boiled generation gets over it except by acquiring a philosophy—I will not say a religion. As long as our chief national heroes are captains of industry, we shall not easily do that. More than ever—yes, in this heyday of organization—only the individual can emancipate himself, train himself, as a strictly individual job, to taste in solitude the secret, forgotten, eternal pleasures of the regulated mind, and taste held true.

THE HEAVY LADEN

A writer for the *Herald Tribune* of New York has been busy collecting data on long names. The following is the result of a careful reading of the daily newspapers:

1. When Philip Asteekyantrgrgorgorgesy applied for an auto license at Richmond, Va., the officials contended that his name was too long and cajoled him into abbreviating it to Asteeky.

2. And out in California, Mr. Appollos Ivanovich Levantonyell wants his name simplified to San Francisco.

3. But if these appellations are considered too lengthy, think of the plight of the poor little girl in Wilmington, Del., who was christened Georgiana Augustine Edgewood Homeopathic Taylor Boys Miller Good Will Macklin.

4. Or the poor little boy in Cairo, Ill., who was baptized Ramone Francis Edward Charles Augustus Felix d'Valois Towne!

5. But the prize persimmon, of course, would go to the King of Cambodia, who is officially addressed as His Majesty, Prea Bat Samdach Prea Sisowith Monivong Chamchakrapong Haribeach Barminthor Phouvanay Kraykeofa Soulalay Prea Chau Chung Campuchea Thippedney.

MY OLD SUIT GOES ABROAD

"The other day," writes Frank Stockbridge in *The Saturday Evening Post*, "I sold my old blue suit to Izzy Levitsky for 75 cents. He said it was for the export trade. This remark caused me to investigate a trail which led to the queerest commodity exchange in the world. One export house in New York, I found, had shipped in a year \$2,000,000 worth of old clothes to Eastern Europe, India, Africa, China, Japan and the Philippines." Mr. Stockbridge explains:

That sum represented several times as many million garments. The six bits which Izzy paid me for my old suit is close to the average cost of such commodities to the exporter. Moreover, trousers are an inconsiderable item of the traffic. The poor, benighted Hindu still contrives to make his skin do for pants, and a strip of gaudy print suffices to cover the legs of a Kafir. But from the hips up the attire of an increasing proportion of the inhabitants of the world's backwaters consists of the discarded coats and vests of Americans.

Here is a new slant on our national prosperity. There is no domestic demand for any but the very highest grades of second-hand clothes, which are practically indistinguishable from new. Stores which frankly admit that they are selling second-hand clothes have almost disappeared.

The United States has been the center of the world's second-hand clothing trade ever since the war. Up to 1914 London was the only export market. But the war caused these exports to cease, and there was consternation among the second-hand clothing dealers of South Africa and other British colonies. So the South African dealers got together and in 1916 sent a young Russian Jew named Isador Sackstein to New York to see what cast-off clothes he could scare up. He is still the principal factor in the business.

"South Africa has to have second-hand clothes," Mr. Sackstein explained to me as he showed me through his five-story

warehouse packed from floor to ceiling with old clothes. "The natives must have clothes to enter the towns. They can't afford new clothes, and they don't even want them. They believe that by wearing garments which a white man has worn they may acquire some of the white man's juju.

So that's how my old suit entered the export trade. I often wonder, on sleepless nights, how the coat is fitting some Kafir, or what the Son of the Prophet looks like who is wearing those shiny-kneed pants.

THE THIRTEENTH STATION

*The Body of Jesus is Laid in the Arms
of His Mother*

My son. Not long ago, I held you, so,
A little boy, then, sleepy-tired from play.
And in the sunset of the closing day
I saw a deeper red; tried not to know
Too well its meaning. Cool, against my cheek,
Your hair, rain-ringleted, hid all my tears—
My tears, but not my foolish mother-fears
That made me hold you closer still and seek
Some newer prayer; some stranger, stronger power
For comfort. Even though I closed my eyes
Against the awful splendor of the skies,
I only saw the clearer this dread hour.

What need have You for tears? Your work is done.
I weep for him who was my only son.

BOY BLUE.

HUMAN NATURE ON THE HALF SHELL

Panorama of New York, an illustrated news weekly, lately deceased, had a fine column with the above caption. Among the many good things we noted in this short-lived periodical were the following items:

When I read the Monday morning newspaper reviews of the previous day's pulpit activities, I become doubly convinced that Congress should provide a statute making it a misdemeanor, not according to Hoyle, and otherwise out of order for a man who wears the title of Reverend to climb upon his sanctified forum for the purpose of talking politics.

The Man-in-the-Ford heads toward the kirk on a Sabbath morn to have his battered and faltering faith refreshed and strengthened; and the surpliced orators will never know the disappointment that floods the soul of the Brother in the Benches who has to sit for half an hour while the pulpit pounder airs his ignorance on every conceivable subject other than that dealing with celestial hope.

The Parson has no more place in politics than the politician has in the pulpit.

There is a diversity of goal and method between religion and politics. When they meet it is usually a collision, seldom a merger.

Nearly twenty years ago Mabel Barrison was playing "Jane" in *Babes in Toyland*. Sylvester Sullivan—J. P. Morgan's friend—who was directing the publicity for the show, was dining with Mabel one evening in Martin's at Twenty-sixth Street and Broadway, when she electrified the place by lighting a cigarette.

First a waiter, then the head waiter and finally old Louis Martin approached the stone table and pleaded with Syl's companion to extinguish the Little White Slaver.

"Personally," cajoled Louis Martin, "nothing affords me

greater pleasure than to witness a charming girl puffing a cigarette. But—" he shrugged, "you understand, I cannot afford to have the police interfere here!" Ask Maw—she knows.

* * * *

A newspaper reporter, on assignment, visited the rectory of a well-known Catholic priest in town.

"I'm from the Tribune, Father," he said.

"Very well, my son," replied the priest gravely, "and now if you'll make an act of contrition I'll give you absolution!"

SHIFTING MODES AND MORALS

"Someone has said that morals are geographic. To a considerable extent they are also temporary," says Percival White in *The North American Review*. "The tax on playing cards was originally intended to crush the practice of card playing. Now card playing is a vice no longer. In Centennial days, rum drinking was neither illegal nor immoral. Today it is not only illegal but to some minds immoral. And so it goes." Parenthetically we would advise a return to the teaching of that Church whose doctrines never change and whose code morals is always the same. Mr. White continues:

A glance at the shifting sands of American morality seems to show that, as a people, we are becoming more ethical, though less moral. What morals we are developing seem to have a scientific, rather than a religious, foundation. When religious leaders were the moulders of belief, as they were a generation or two ago, birth control was considered wicked and a declining birth rate was the sure sign of decadence. But now, and for many years, the birth rate in the United States has been falling off. Nor is this due to any decline in the marriage rate. Prior to 1923 the marriage rate had increased steadily, and despite its decline since 1923, marriage is more prevalent now than it was in the last century.

The number of illegitimate births for every thousand of total births, among the white population, has grown steadily, from 11.7 in 1918 to 14.4 for 1924. The last figure was as high as that for the war period. The increase in illegitimacy, despite a tremendous gain in the sale of contraceptives, seems to betoken a decided shifting of moral emphasis.

There has been a great increase in the number of youthful delinquents in institutions, their principal crime being theft. Among adults, lawlessness is also widespread. There were 95,000 cars stolen in 1926 as against 27,000 in 1918. In 1923, there were 83 per cent more commitments of prisoners on charges of robbery than there were in 1910 (to the thousand of population). For homicide, the increase was 16 per cent. Yet it is noteworthy that the prison population has diminished for each 100,000 population from 119 in 1880, to 95 in 1923. Possibly there are more criminals at large nowadays.

Americans are self-indulgent. They smoke about \$2,000,000,000 worth of tobacco products every year. Consumption of cigarettes has increased about 33 fold since 1900. The W. C. T. U. states that the average age for forming the cigarette habit has fallen from 20 years to 11 years, and that there are 2700 new smokers every day. It does not state how many of these are women.

Statistics as to alcoholic indulgence are less reliable. One index of the use of alcohol is the number of arrests for drunkenness. Massachusetts is the only State which seems to have kept complete records; but fragmentary figures for other sections resemble those of the Bay State. The number of arrests declined between 1914 and 1920. But, since 1920, when the 18th Amendment went into effect, the arrests for drunkenness have steadily mounted. In 1924, they were over twice what they were in 1920.

Our Lady's Net

A LATTER DAY LEGEND

By ENID DINNIS

DOES there chance to be a legend in existence telling us how St. Peter sometimes borrows Our Lady's veil when he finds the fish so tiny that they even escape his net which, although the mesh is very fine, is after all only a fisherman's net? If such a legend does not exist it would obviously be wrong to invent one, for a legend must be a spontaneous growth and artifice must not be employed in its connection.

All the same, the story that I was going to call "the miraculous draught of fishes"—only it was not miraculous, really, and a catch of two can hardly be correctly called a "draught"—might have served to originate a very pretty legend of Our Lady. The catch was peculiar in this sense, that one of the fish caught was particularly large and the other particularly small; and they both came in at the same haul, as it were.

The big fish was big in many ways. Socially, intellectually, even politically; that is why I don't mean to tell you his name. The little fish—well, the little fish was Sarah Hicks; there is no harm in giving her name—whom no one had ever thought of calling Sally. Her mother had died when she was just "Baby," and her stepmother never thought of "Sally." She seldom thought of anything in connection with Sarah. She had her own children, and Sarah's father was dead. The other woman's child had been left on her hands. The other woman had been a foreigner, and Sarah had inherited her queer ways.

Sarah grew up to be curiously independent. When I say "grew up" I mean, out of babyhood into the stage when intelligent children have more thoughts than words to express them. The ordinary child has more words than thoughts—like the parrot. The little fish was by no means an ordinary child. Her bright black eyes were forever on the lookout for things strange and new. They were eyes that would not be filled by seeing, as the Proverb has it. She had also long ears which were alert enough to hear, and to go on hearing in the sense of the mystical proverb-

maker, but the chance seldom came her way in Beak Alley where everything was on the material plane.

But, fortunately for the little fish, she lived under conditions in which a six-year-old can take herself off to seek adventures on its own account. There was much traffic and many dangers, but Sarah's stepmother accepted the risk. "If the Lord took Sarah, the poor child would be better off." Diphtheria had disappointed Sarah's stepmother in this matter. She had returned from the hospital invigorated in body and mind—more of a "limb" than ever. The little girl in the next bed had told her stories of the church where she wore a white frock and a wreath of lilies, and of the Sisters and Santa Claus and St. Joseph; of buns and angels and Heaven and—I don't know what not! Things which left the little fish with the impression that great adventures lay within the big doors of the church which stood quite near to Beak Alley.

SHORTLY after her return home from the hospital Sarah took herself off to investigate the land of adventure. She even went so far as to push open the big door and take a peep. It was only a glimpse, for the peril of the copper loomed large before her. Mr. Briggs, next door had been taken away to do time because he had been found in a church! Sarah was for ever being threatened with the reformatory by her stepmother. Being found in a church might precipitate her being "put away." Yet, it almost seemed worth the risk. She returned home conscious of having been a naughty, wicked little gell, but like most naughtiness, it was worth it. The blood-curdling penalties invented by the fluent tongue of the second Mrs. Hicks were invariably commuted to a smart smacking. Sarah could feel pretty certain now that she wouldn't be boiled even if she penetrated the church where Janie walked in a white frock and wreath of lilies.

Fortune, however, favored the ad-

venturer. Within a few days of her adventurous attempt to find out more about Janie's Wonder Land, of which she had heard travelers' tales, there took place a great outdoor procession in honor of Our Lady, whose feast it was. The wonder and the glory of it all came out into the street for the little fish to feast her eyes upon without any fear of the copper, although he was there, and sitting on a big brown horse, too! (Like St. Peter, Our Lady sometimes goes a-fishing.)

There were little girls no bigger than herself in the procession wearing blue frocks and white veils. Lots of them. Janie herself might be one of them, and Janie was only a poor little girl. If all these things were Janie's why should they not be hers also?

"HERE, come along and have a look at the fish in Peter's net."

Sarah heard these very curious words addressed by someone near her to his companion. She looked round and saw that the speaker was what is technically known as "a toff." She had taken kindly to the gentleman addressed, and listened for more.

"Peter's net certainly seems to catch all sorts," was the equally intriguing reply. The other gentleman was a great toff. (He was wearing plus-fours.) His voice reminded Sarah of the doctor at the hospital who had made jokes with Nurse O'Shaunessy who lent her the beads that were like a necklace, only much more interesting.

The great toff continued: "You are wise to catch them young. Lucky little beggars!" He gave a sigh, almost like the sigh of envy that Sarah had given when she saw the file of "little gells" like herself. "I don't suppose it will ever catch me."

"Not unless you put yourself inside it," was the rather sharp response. "Peter casts his net at a hazard. It's up to the fish to find their way into it."

They passed on and left Sarah cogitating on what she had heard. "Being caught" was evidently a thing greatly to be desired. But how was it to be done. What was Peter's net?

It was up to the little fish to find out.

Almost as though in answer to the question she caught another remark. This time it was made by a bystander of very different type. A lady who spoke the vernacular with a strong native accent.

"I call it a shame," the lady was saying. "They'll be catching their death of cold, them little gells, with nothing but a bit o' net over their heads." (It was a wet and chilly August, and there was something in the comment.)

Sarah's sharp ears caught at the word "net." It was almost dazzlingly illuminating. She followed in the wake of the procession, full of thought.

THE procession headed its way towards the church. It passed through the great open doors. The huge statue of the beautiful Lady, carried by men and followed by boys in white garments, was preceded by the girls in blue with the "bit o' net" over their heads—the little girls who had, plainly, been caught that way. The ordinary people came behind. At the rear of the ordinary people came the little fish. The big fish had already been lured in by his friend to hear the sermon on the Feast to be given by a famous preacher.

The others were trooping in. Sarah trooped in with them. It was a thrilling moment. She crept into a backmost bench and stared round about her. From her corner Sarah, who-had-never-been-called-Sally, witnessed wonderful things. There was music, there was light and a strange, sweet scent. She sat in supreme content through the sermon, not listening, but watching the preacher's face. After the sermon there was more music and singing. She sat there blissfully, watching and gathering up everything that she saw into her retentive mind with her quick black eyes.

Then there was the wonderful thing that happened when the bell rang three times. It all made her forget that she was hungry, and she had been terribly hungry. Probably you or I would not have seen so much as the little fish saw; but, as I have said, this story is not concerned with the miraculous. To her it was all in the amazing day's journey. The bright lights had made her sleepy. Her head nodded forward as she sat waiting for a chance to slip out, or

it might have been that she was in no hurry.

She had noted that there was a large marble statue of the same Lady as the one they had carried in the procession, standing on the right, near the place of lights and wonders. It had been crowned and veiled for the occasion. People went there and knelt down for a moment before they left the church. Candles were blazing in front of it. Sarah, with characteristic enterprise, determined to make an excursion in that direction when the people had thinned out a bit. It was as much as she could do to keep awake, but the dream might vanish if she went to sleep. So she kept her vigil.

By degrees the people left the church. The lights were turned low. The little fish crept out of her seat unobserved. Poor little forlorn fish in the rough sea where Peter casts and recasts his net! Perhaps Someone was telling him to let down the net on the right hand side? I don't know. She was not in the least afraid. It was too much like a dream for one to feel afraid. The candles were still burning brightly before Our Lady's shrine. There was nobody there now. Sarah stood and took stock of the statue. She was a quaint little figure, hatless, in a very ragged frock and boots four sizes too large, with a shock head of black hair and a pinched little face with a large pair of liquid black eyes. It would have been no unfamiliar sight in a Latin country, except that the boots would have been, very rightly, considered superfluous.

Sarah's hospital acquaintance had told her about Our Lady. "Whenever you saw her statue you asked her for something you wanted." Sarah had too much of the cockney in her mixed breed to miss an opportunity. She looked up at the gentle face through the glare of the candles. "I'd like to be caught," she whispered insinuatingly. But she was a very, very little fish, and Peter's net is, after all, an ordinary fishing net.

A large bronze St. Peter sat in his chair at the end of the church. His attitude might easily suggest that he was engaged in thought. It surely behooved Our Lady to help him out of his difficulty. Sarah peered into the shadows behind the shrine. There appeared to be a cosy corner which anyone might creep into and remain undisturbed. The candles were throwing out a genial warmth. It

looked uncommonly inviting. Sarah crept into it and curled up. Perhaps someone would come along and notice her, and then she could ask them how she could get herself caught like the other little girls. But none of the few remaining people who came along took any notice of the stowaway. She was effectually hidden behind the curtain of shadow cast by the glare of the candles.

The minutes passed by. The church was now in deep twilight. Night was coming on. The lonely little fish glanced up at the figure above her. She was behind it now and could not see the kind, gentle face, but she knew it was there. The deep lace hem of what was apparently Our Lady's skirt was just within Sarah's reach. She gave it a very gentle little tug. The Lady reminded her of Nurse O'Shaunessy who had lent her the necklace and (that was the interesting part of it) told her to say "Hail Mary" when she touched each bead. There had been strings of beads in the hands of the people who had knelt there.

"Hail Mary," said the little fish, reminiscently. Then she gave the lace border another little tweak. "Make 'em catch me," she said, coaxingly.

THERE was someone moving about at the other side of the church. It was a man in a long black coat—everything was out of the common in this strange place. He was engaged in putting out the candles burning before the various statues. Soon he would be over here. Sarah began to feel a little bit afraid. Her thoughts reverted to Mr. Briggs who had done time for being found in church. After all she was only Sarah, and she had no right to be there any more than Mr. Briggs had—only little girls who wore veils had any right to be there. Her fears were unfounded, however. When she peeped again the official figure in black had disappeared, leaving the candles still burning before Our Lady's altar. Sarah had the place entirely to herself now. It was very quiet, and it was chilly, now that the candles had nearly burnt themselves out. The little fish was very, very hungry. There would not be any supper at home, anyway; only a beating for her wickedness. She had never played truant to this extent before. But she had thought it was a dream and one doesn't get spanked

when one wakes up from a dream, even if one has been miles and miles, and seen lots and lots of things. Telling dreams, it is true, had sometimes fetched her a box on the ear along with injunctions to "stop her silly nonsense," but Sarah had long learned to keep her dreams to herself. She stayed where she was, in spite of the gathering darkness. Even now there was a forlorn hope that something might happen. Her trust was not misplaced. The next moment something did happen.

As she lay there, huddled up, she felt something soft touching her shoulder. A heavy lorry passing had wakened her from a light sleep. She sat up and looked round to see what it might be. The candles had nearly all burnt out, but one or two remained to give sufficient light to enable her to see something white lying in a heap beside her. A soft white garment of some kind. It must have been dropped right over her as she lay there. Sarah examined it eagerly. It was a white veil, just like those worn by the little girls only much bigger. A bit o' net of hospitable dimensions. It formed an ample covering for the little girl who, without a moment's demur, proceeded to roll herself up tightly in what had been the handiwork of a Reverend Abbess of the blood royal in one of those places which are famous for their lace and needlecraft. The lace on the deep border of the exquisite net had been exhibited at I don't know how many exhibitions! But this made no appeal to the little fish who lay securely entailed in "Peter's net." Her grubby little hands grabbed the priceless texture tightly. Her mind was ecstatically occupied with the thought that she had done exactly what the gentleman had told his friend to do—get inside the net.

IT REMAINED for her to wait and see what would happen next. She peeped up gratefully at Our Lady's statue. She could not see where the edge of her skirt was. It seemed all hard stone, but in any case her hands were too firmly caught for her to be able to give it a tweak.

"I'm caught, thank you, Hail Mary," she called out. "I'm caught beautiful!"

But the next happening was a long time coming. The little fish watched the last candle burning down to its socket. When it went out it would be pitch dark except for the red light

in the lamp hanging under the arch. Perhaps that would go out too?

Was the little boy whom the man in the silk dress had held up to look at the people when they were bowing their heads still behind the golden door? Or did the golden door lead along to another, still more wonderful place? Sarah had a kind of feeling that He was still there. He would not let the red lamp go out.

She was overcome by sleep at last. The last of the candles shot up a long bright flame which flickered round the iron spike upon which it had been fixed. Then all was pitch dark. But the red lamp glowed on.

* * * * *

FATHER ROBINSON, the second assistant priest at St. Joseph's, was bidding his guests—his brother Jack and a friend of his—good night. A sick call had upset their evening and he was seeing them off from the rectory door before hastening off himself in answer to the summons. Suddenly the Father caught sight of a light flickering behind the window of the adjacent church.

"I believe I forgot to put out the candles by Our Lady's altar," he said. "Awfully careless of me! I promised old John I would see to it for him. It's dangerous to leave them. There's a veil on the statue which might catch fire—a priceless veil, too!" He commented the last to himself. How careless he had been!

"Can't we see to it?" his brother asked. "Don't wait. Give us the key of the church and we will post it back into the letter box."

His companion was a young man dressed in plus-fours. He has been previously alluded to in this story as "the big fish."

The two entered the church and switched on the light. The candles at Our Lady's statue had all burnt themselves out. It was safer, however, to go over and make sure that nothing had happened. The electric lamp threw a strong, cold light over the corner where Our Lady stood, austere carved in marble, yet sweet and gentle of countenance. The artist had made her live. The big fish stood contemplating the work of art. His companion, to whom it was familiar, occupied himself otherwise.

"Why!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "What's that in the corner there?" There was no longer a curtain of shadow drawn over the spot in ques-

tion. "Why, it's a kiddie!"

The pair peered cautiously at the little sleeping figure.

"She's got a veil on. She must have been in the procession," the big fish said. Poor mite they must have locked her in by mistake. She'll be terrified if we wake her up."

The other agreed. He thought a moment.

"I'd better nip round to the school-house," he said, "and fetch Miss Merrow. She knows all the children. I'll get her to come round. The kiddie won't be frightened of her."

So Jack Robinson "nipped round" in about the time that it takes to say his name whilst the big fish remained in charge in case the little sleeper should wake up in the interval. That was exactly what did happen. A few minutes later, before the messenger had returned with the self-constituted mother of all forlorn childhood, Sarah opened her eyes, and rubbed them—through the veil, which got in the way being right over her face and hands.

"It's all right, little one," the big fish said, hastily. "You've been asleep in church but you will soon be back again with mummie." He said the latter at a hazard. The reply was somewhat disconcerting, and also intriguing.

"I haven't got a mummie," Sarah said, "and I'm not going back. I'm inside the net."

She stumbled to her feet, tripping up on the trailing garment which she was hugging close to her, like a shawl on a winter's day.

"What do you mean by the net?" the other asked. "That's a very big veil you've been wearing. Did teacher lend it to you?" He rather prided himself on the solution. The wearer of the veil, he could see, was a most incongruous little object.

SARAH shook her head. She essayed an explanation. "It's..." She recognized the grandeur of the gentleman before her and adapted her manners. "It's Mr. Peter's net."

"It's what?"

Now, Sarah had once accompanied her stepmother to the police court in connection with the misdemeanors of her stepbrother Tom. Her present interrogator reminded her of the funny gentleman who had sat on the edge of a table and extracted all sorts of things from the inner consciousness of children almost as small as herself. This gentleman, obviously

of the same breed, required an answer to his question, and if he was like the other gentleman (whom they told her afterwards was the Beak himself—not that she believed it!) he would have nice things to say to her if she spoke up well.

She spoke up bravely—exactly as though she were in the witness box.

"I heard the other gentleman that was with you tellin' you to git inside the net when the little gells was passing."

"Then 'you weren't with the other little girls?"

Sarah shook her head. "I heard you say as they'd all bin caught. And the lydy who was talkin' afterwards said that the little gells had got a bit o' net over them. And I wanted to be caught, too," she ended.

"Why did you want to be caught?"

The question was asked more to help her on than for the sake of the answer. The interrogator had some of the gifts of a "beak."

But the little fish had become inarticulate. "Why?" She looked round about her. Even the gentleman with magisterial abilities could not extract the why and wherefore. She cast a bewildered glance at him. "I dunno," said the little fish.

It was an adequate answer. There are things which cannot be explained by people with a whole dictionary of words at their disposal. St. John of the Cross himself might at times have been moved to the same admission.

It was at this juncture that the big fish's companion arrived back, accompanied by Miss Merrow.

"My goodness," the latter cried, "she's got Our Lady's veil on!" Then she added, "She doesn't belong to us."

But Miss Merrow was the kindest soul in the world. She took the child, veil and all, onto her knee and cuddled her, and asked her her name.

"Sarah Hicks," the owner of the name told her, glibly. She felt that she had indeed been quite nicely caught.

"Well, Sally, and how did you get here?"

No one had ever called her Sally before.

"I wanted to be caught. I followed the little gells in with the net over their heads, and I sat down here; and I waited; and I told 'er (a jerk of the head in the direction of the statue) that I wanted to be caught in the net; and (triumphantly) I is caught, ain't I?"

It was up to the big fish to elucidate matters for the thoroughly perplexed lady. "She had heard—someone—talking of 'Peter's net,'" he explained, "and Our Lady's veil must have slipped off onto the top of her and she thought it was Peter's net."

HE SHOT a glance at his friend. Jack evidently remembered.

Miss Merrow was regarding the veil with horrified concern.

"We were afraid it might slip off," she said, "but with the candles burning so near it was dangerous to drape it over her face so we fixed it on over her shoulders. I knew that even the heavy traffic passing might send it slipping off, let alone anything else. It might have been destroyed."

"It was lying there and I got inside it all by myself." Sarah, who had just called Sally, volunteered proudly, expanding in the warmth of the pet name.

"Well, there, you are coming along with me now to have some supper," Miss Merrow said. She was gently endeavoring to get the specimen of the royal Abbess's needlecraft off its wearer. But the little fish held on tightly to the bunched-up lumps of veil in her grubby little hands.

"I want to stop caught," she pleaded, with a look of fear in her now tearful black eyes.

"She must certainly stop caught," the big fish said. "Did you ever see such determination!"

Miss Merrow reassured her with many consoling words. The little fish nestled her head onto her shoulder.

"I expect she gave the veil a little tug in the way children do, when she asked Our Lady to let her get caught," the foster-mother of the forlorn observed, ruthlessly eliminating any notion of the supernatural that the occurrence might have sug-

gested to any of those present.

"And the good God sent along a motor lorry to help out the tug," Jack Robinson laughed.

"I think I like that even better than a 'miracle,'" the big fish said, slowly.

"Poor mite! She's dropped off to sleep again," the lady said. "I'll take her home and put her to bed."

So it fell out that the little fish was borne away to the cosy bedroom in the school house, still entailed in the bonds of Peter's or, rather, Our Lady's net.

And then it was that the big fish conceived the "legend" alluded to at the beginning of this story.

"I suppose," he said, meditatively, "that in the case of a very tiny fish Our Lady might be moved to lend St. Peter her veil to catch it in?"

"Quite likely," his friend agreed, "but, my dear fellow, that's not a tiny fish. That's a giant catch! Think of the pains she took to be caught. The sturdy, dogged courage! It won't be my fault if she doesn't stay caught. Now, if you want a fish of really mean proportions, look at the one before you."

The other looked. He smiled, meaningly.

"Our Lady may do it yet," he said—with her veil."

And subsequent events showed that he was right.

Sarah's stepmother, when consulted, proved more than willing that she should be caught. The nuns into whose hands she was consigned by the big fish called her by her new name of Sally, and added a Mary Theresa when she was baptized.

But the little fish likes Sally best. She says it was the name Our Lady called her by that night in the dark. But of course she was mixing her up with Miss Merrow. But at any rate, that is the story of how St. Peter went a-fishing with Our Lady's veil, and of the peculiar "draught" of fishes that came into his net.

Request

By PAULA KURTH

YOUNG God's-anointed, in your new found power
Remember me, and when at early hour
You lift up pleading hands—so potent now—
And call down God and low before Him bow,
Whisper my name. How can He help but heed
Hearing your prayer and knowing my great need?

Celtic and Viking Claims

TO THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

By ELEANOR ROGERS COX

THE most recent spur to re-investigation of the claims put forth in behalf of early Norse explorations of North America has come through the finding by Donald McMillan of certain ruins in the Island of Sculpin, twenty miles off Labrador. These ruins, Mr. McMillan, in his official capacity as head of the Sub-Arctic Expedition launched by the Field Museum of Chicago, believes to be, in all likelihood the remains of an ancient settlement of the Vikings. This conclusion he bases not alone on Eskimo tradition, but on the still stronger proof supplied by the resemblance between these ruins and those he had already encountered in his Greenland explorations.

This statement again opens the way to a luring vista of speculation and inquiry. And surely—allowing every honor to Columbus—if there were ever a subject large enough to justify such speculation and such inquiry it is this Western Hemisphere; and the inspiring spirit of that liberality which goes out in acclaim to each new pioneer of the Polar wastes, should animate the reader, as he follows the story, age-dimmed though it may be, of those whom deeply-grounded tradition, heroic saga or carven rune-stone proclaim as early voyagers to this great land of ours.

And whether we look to Ireland or to Greenland, to St. Brendan or Leif Erikson, or those hardy Norse adventurers whose story is allegedly recorded on the Kensington Rune Stone, all share this in common with Columbus—they were Catholics. A bitter kernel that for some of our "Nordics" who believe that in championing Leif as against Columbus, they are sturdily buttressing the cause of one hundred per cent Protestant white Americanism.

As taking precedence of all others in point of time and holiness, St. Brendan is entitled to first consideration. That the famous founder of Clonfert Monastery should have won the title of "Brendan the Voyager" among the holy ones of an Island that was constantly sending its sons on sanctifying missions across the seas dividing it from continental Europe,

was strongly significant in itself.

Surely, it has been argued, the bestowal of such a title connoted a super-mastership of the waves never approached by any of his island contemporaries. At any rate that title is one of the supporting pilasters of the tradition that has been handed down through the 1,400 years dividing us from that first portion of the sixth century during which the exploit most probably occurred—for St. Brendan had been born near the seacoast of Kerry about the year of Our Lord 488. That there was nothing either fantastic or impossible in the idea of such a venture into the uncharted Atlantic wilds, will be willingly conceded by anyone conversant with that fervor—one might not unjustly call it fever—with which the Irish missionaries of those golden centuries sought to spread the Gospel-Light of Christ. Wherever souls were to be won, there was their place.

TO SCHOLARS upholding the St. Brendan tradition of America's discovery, very strong confirmatory evidence of their belief came, in the discovery, a few years ago, among the Vatican archives of a map which is claimed to be a genuine record of the daring Irishman's voyage. Indeed several of these scholars—among them the late Rev. Dr. Luke J. Evers, pastor of St. Andrew's R. C. Church, New York—have maintained that Newport, R. I., holds a still-sturdy reminder of Brendan's great adventure in the "Old Mill" that quaint and curious erection on Touro Street, for whose origin no man can account.

Speaking from personal observation, the writer may say that in general construction and detail, the building bears a strong kinship to the Round Towers of Ireland. Admitting such an origin, there is a strange stirring of heart in the fact that not far away from that queer old-time fortress rises the heroic statue of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, whose Irish-born mother, Sarah Wallace, even perhaps more than his American Revolutionary father,

reared him in those principles of steadfastness and valor which he proved so gloriously in the Battle of Lake Erie.

In All Saints Church, New York, there is a striking mural painting depicting one of the hallowed incidents associated with Brendan's departure for unknown lands. This shows the founder of Clonfert, holding counsel with St. Enda, in the latter's Arran monastery upon the Atlantic's storm-washed Western coast. At this time the weight of years was upon the once proud and princely Enda, his wisdom was proverbial, and the heartening of his blessing might well be sought by anyone daring the challenge of those boisterous seas. An Irish poet, Denis Florence McCarthy, puts these words into Brendan's mouth:

Hearing how blessed Enda lived apart
Amid the sacred caves of Aran-more,
And how beneath his eye, spread like a
chart,
Lay all the isles of that remotest shore;
And how he had collected in his mind
All that was known to man of the Old
Sea,
I left the Hill of Miracles behind,
And sailed from out the shallow, sandy
Lee.

When I proclaimed the project that I
nursed,
How 'twas for this that I his blessing
sought,
An irrepressible cry of joy outburst
From his pure lips that blessed me for
the thought.
He said that he too had in visions
strayed
Over the untracked ocean's billowy
foam;
Bid me have hope that God would give
me aid,
And bring me safe back to my native
home.

FOR seven years Brendan and his companions fared the waters, in their stout curragh covered with hides and had been rationed for forty days. The end, it is quite credibly asserted, of their journeying was this Western Continent of ours, which proved to be a land teeming in all natural riches. A great stream (the Mississippi?) watered this land, which, however, Brendan did not

seek to cross, mindful of an angelic warning against doing so.

IF BRENDAN'S fame had been fair and far-flung before, we may conjecture how much the tale of this seven-years' voyaging, carried to the Four Corners of Eireann, added to his influence as priest and teacher among that forthfaring race. And though he himself challenged the vast Atlantic stretches no more, yet his love for the waters manifested itself again and again in his choice of sites for his monastic foundations. Thus we find that monastery in which St. Fursey received his preparatory tutoring in saintliness and learning, rising on a fair island in Lough Corrib; while long years afterwards we see Brendan journeying northward to the wind-swept island of Inish-Gloria (Inish-Gluair) there to erect another oratory for his Maker's praise. He died by the waters of Lough Corrib, in the monastery he himself had founded for his beloved sister Briga.

But his body was borne to Clonfert—Clonfert which he had established about the middle of the sixth century, and which had become the fount whence three thousand monks and students drew soul-nourishment. In that hallowed earth he sleeps. But the winds and tides of the Atlantic still keep memorial of his name, "Brendan the Voyager."

Of Leif Erikson, the hero of Icelandic saga dating back nearly a thousand years nothing has been related that is not of fair account. True, indeed, saga is not history, but in the tales thus handed down, from generation to generation, from scholar to scholar, until they were finally inscribed on parchment, a certain strong adherence to truth (it has been stated on good authority) was preserved. So it was that the saga of Leif the Lucky was related for some two hundred years, and then set forth in writing.

Unluckily for the wider popularity of Leif's name and adventuring, he has been made, as already intimated, a sort of totem by those to whom saga is as welcome as history, if it affords an opportunity to dispute the laurels of the Latin, Columbus. And this is to be regretted, as Leif's story—or so much of it as the Vineland sagas tell—is that of a leader of men, courageous, wise and humane. These Vineland sagas, regarded by scholars like Humboldt as being in a sense



KENSINGTON RUNE STONE

historical, were handed down principally in the family of which Leif had been the most famous member, he having been one of the four recorded children of Eirik the Red, its accredited founder.

Of this Red Earl Eirik it is told that he moved with his family and belongings from Iceland to Greenland in the latter part of the tenth century (about 985)—at which period Leif was undoubtedly a lad in his early teens. Thence, from their fortress-home at Brattahlid, the young man fared, in the summer of 999 A.D. to Norway, there to visit Olaf, its Christian King, and to himself become a baptized member of the church. Soon after we see the good Olaf sending a band of missionaries and nobles to Greenland with the intent of Christianizing its people, an effort to which the reac-

tion, as recorded in chronicles, was ready and encouraging.

Presently Leif, intrusted by Olaf with a special mission, departs again for Greenland, and a short time after his return to his father's house, embarks on that voyage which brings him, ere its ending, to Vineland—identified by most of his present-day champions with the State of Massachusetts. When he sails home from there—this is about the summer of 1000 A.D.—he has not only to his credit the rescue of a shipwrecked vessel's crew, but he also presents to old Earl Eirik priests and preachers of that happy Christian faith that is now his own. Whether these clerics were some of the missionaries already sent by King Olaf, the records do not particularize. But from this time forward men knew Eirik's adventurous son as "Leif the Lucky."

Thus the outlines of the story. The details of that wonder-voyage are interesting enough to well justify recapitulation.

IN THE interval after Leif's return from Norway, there came to the stone house at Brattahlid the seasoned Norse seaman, Bjarni Herjulfsson, wealthy master of a trading vessel. He was eloquent of a voyage he had just accomplished; of the shores he had neared, and the sights he had seen, from a distance. Listening to this narrative of strange things observed but not put to the encounter, Leif's bold imagination took fire, and his next step was the purchase from Bjarni of that prudent mariner's trading ship, which he proceeded to outfit, with a crew of thirty-five men.

Like a dutiful son, he requested his father to lead the expedition, and to this at first Earl Eirik gave reluctant assent. But on his way to the seashore, his horse stumbled, causing him injury and pain, and this the older man considered a sufficiently evil omen to deter him from the voyage. So, with nothing but his own undaunted will to guide him, Leif took full command of men and ship.

The first sight of land to break the waste of waters for the bold

Norsemen was one presenting the cheerless spectacle of mighty icy glaciers bounding the horizon of a country that, from the seashore to the foot of the glacier, was one vast flat rock. For awhile they went ashore, Leif naming the country "Helluland" or "Flat-Rock" land. From the description mentioned above, believers in the Leif discoveries have identified this country with Newfoundland. Tarrying there but a little space, they were presently on the seas once more, and soon afterwards came to a land more promising. A pleasant country it was, wooded and level, with white sands running down to the sea, so Leif bestowed on it the appropriate name of "Markland"—or as we would say "Woodland." This country has been identified with Nova Scotia.

But even here they did not linger, and under a favoring wind, sailed on until they again sighted land. This was an island lying north of the mainland, and there on grass and coppice lay a dew silver-bright, which when the Norsemen put to their lips, they declared to surpass in sweetness anything they had ever tasted. But Leif's thoughts still ran to untouched shores, and once more they took ship, to reach in a short

time, the country known, through Leif's christening, as "Vineland."

From the comparison of the details set down in the Sagas concerning this landing, from reckoning based on degrees of latitude and longitude, from certain declared remnants of the Viking's stay there, the site of the settlement there made has been asserted to be in the neighborhood of Watertown, near the mouth of the Charles River. Certainly the particulars recorded as to fruit and crops dovetail in nicely with those of Massachusetts. The climate, the fields of wheat, the grape vines which suggested to Leif the name "Vineland" all tally with the Bay State as we know it today.

There the party remained throughout the winter, until with the coming of spring, their homeland beckoned them again. So they sailed back to Greenland, Leif returning to Brattahlid, under those lustrous circumstances already mentioned.

HEARING so fair a report of the places he had visited, his brother Thorwald, his friend Thorfinn Karlsefnis, and his sister Freydis each in turn mustered an expedition to Vineland. But Leif remained in the stone house at Brattahlid, the stout



THE OLD MILL AT BRATTAHILD

old Viking lord, his father, having died the year of his return. And this tale of his voyagings was handed down in that house and in the house of Thorfinn Karlsefnis and from scholar to scholar, until, as already told, the scribes set it down in black and white. And though Bancroft said, long ago, that "Scandinavians may have reached the shores of Labrador; the soil of the United States has not one vestige of their presence," and though the Massachusetts Historical Society, through its secretary, declared that the stories of Leif Erikson and Agammemnon bear an equal amount of probability, yet the figure of the young Viking chief remains a bold and attractive one, more compelling, perhaps, because of those very mists of uncertainty that still hinder us from yielding to his discoveries that full credence demanded by his devotees.

WHAT the human race in its primitive and medial stages of experience suffered from lack of publicity with which our own day is so redundantly equipped, there can be no doubt. It was that which prevented the early man from receiving his due meed as pioneer, adventurer, explorer. And one way in which we may account for the Kensington Rune Stone is that it was the result of a valiant resolve on the part of its artificers to evade this doom of mute ingloriousness. Others have accounted for the stone on the ground that it was the handiwork—its inscription at least—of some sardonic joker, bent on having a laugh alike on the learned and the credulous.

As, however, in the twenty-eight years which have elapsed since the stone was brought to light, no one has come forward to claim credit for a joke so original, nor any man or woman been able to prove its modernity, the claim of those who assert that the stone is a genuine document of a medieval Norse exploration of North America deserves our respect and investigation, even though we may not go the entire length of believing that the men who carved the stone were the first white discoverers of this Continent.

Of the believers in that pronouncement no one has maintained his point with such scholastic zeal and enthusiasm of conviction as Hjalmar Rued Holand, whose treatise on the subject in the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* for December, 1919, remains the

most precise argument set forth in behalf of the stone's genuineness. Reading that treatise—which indeed might be better known—one wonders why, in a day so avid for discovery as ours, this Runic inscription has not achieved a wider celebrity. Doubtless, with Mr. McMillan's words still in the air, no more appropriate moment for reawaking interest in its discussion could be chosen.

The discoverer of the Stone was a Minnesota farmer of Norwegian strain, one Olaf Ohman, who came on the strange object while "grubbing" stumps on his farm, which lay several miles distant from the nearest railway station, Kensington. Here, under the roots of a poplar which clasped it closely about, the slab of graywacke lay, the inscription which has given it its fame running over some three-fifths of its surface, suggesting the thought that the other two-fifths were meant to be set in the earth. The stone weighed about 230 pounds, was 30 inches long, 17 inches wide and 7 inches thick.

The reaction to the discovery by such scholars as learned of it, was not enthusiastically believing. The inscription, while it referred to Vineland, and therefore recalled that asserted base of Leif Erikson's American adventure, was not in the language of that intrepid Norseman, a fact which coupled with a Latin phrase and some other slight apparent idiosyncrasies told heavily against its acceptance as a genuine document. So Mr. Ohman, with characteristic Scandinavian philosophy, utilized the stone by turning it into a doorstep for his granary. From this obscurity which covered nearly ten years, the slab was rescued by Mr. Holand, who himself of Norwegian birth, was then engaged in exploring that part of Minnesota, preparatory to undertaking a history of the State's Norwegian settlers. Mr. Holand saw the stone, secured it from Olaf Ohman, bore it to his home, and after most painstaking care, gave to the world this translation of its inscription. "Eight Goths and twenty Norsemen on exploring journey from Vineland, very far west. We had camp by two skerries, one day's journey north from this stone. We were out and fished one day. When we came home found ten men red with blood and dead. Ave Maria! Save us from evil. Have ten of our party by the sea to look after our vessels

fourteen days' journey from this island. Year 1362."

In his very scholarly disquisition on this inscription, Mr. Holand who asserts his belief that the chisellers of the Rune Stone were Swedes, has pointed out that the introduction of the Latin supplication, "Ave Maria save us from Evil," was most natural to Catholic men overcome with horror at the sight which greeted these upon their return from fishing, viz.: their ten comrades whom they had left behind in camp, slain, still gory with the blood shed by some lurking enemy undoubtedly avid to inflict a like fate upon themselves.

WITH care comparable in intensity and devotion to that which Eben Norton Horsford gave to the story of Leif Erikson, Mr. Holand has marshalled every possible scrap of confirmatory evidence to strengthen his contention that the Swedes responsible for this runic inscription were the first white men to discover America. The question has received a considerable volume of discussion by learned societies, and from time to time achieves fresh life in newspaper and magazine pages. But it still remains a question—one of those which neither archaeologist or historian may answer.

And, after all, regrettable though this be, does it so greatly matter—since God has given to us all for birthright and heritage these United States.

We hear nowadays a great deal said about the ancient ideals and traditions of the country with reference to its educational problems; and in the midst of these discussions the general tendency of criticism is to hold schoolmasters and professors and the system of education responsible for the slackness of discipline, want of self-control, and decay of the reverential spirit among the young men of the present time. But it is forgotten that the school and the college are not the only world in which the young men move, learn, imbibe ideas and influences; that the home and the community are schools in their own way—educational factors in the growth of young men; and that if these young men have fallen on evil times and become objects of distrust, it is because of the influences more of the home and of the community than of the school or college. —SIR N. CHUNDAVARKAR.

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THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

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USURY: CAPITALISM: CONSCIENCE

(1) *What is the attitude of the Church towards usury and commercial speculation? (2) Is not Capitalism a moral evil? (3) May a Catholic participate in inter-denominational or non-denominational services? As, for example, those held on patriotic gatherings? (4) What standard should one follow when in doubt as to the morality of an action, when it is impossible to ask advice?*—H. R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) The Church now, as always, condemns usury. The meaning, however, of usury has changed. Formerly the Church considered the charging of interest on money loans, or any fungible article (something which is consumed by the use of it) usurious. This was because money was considered as a fungible. It was regarded merely as a medium of exchange. Consequently, if money was loaned it was considered usurious and therefore unlawful for the one who made the loan to charge anything over and above the amount of the loan. Otherwise he was demanding more than he had loaned, and was being paid twice for the same thing; the amount of the loan, and extra money for the use of the money.

In recent times, however, elements have entered into this question which substantially changes the nature of such contracts. Nowadays usury is considered by both the Church and the State as the charging of *excessive* interest on money loans. Money is no longer regarded as a mere fungible and medium of exchange, but as capital. It has value over and above its intrinsic worth, due to the financial situation of the time. And the Church in her Canon Law recognizes the lawfulness of demanding interest for the use of money. Canon 1543 says: "If a fungible be so given to another that it becomes his, and afterwards as much is restored in the same kind, no gain can be received on account of the contract *itself*; but in the lending of a fungible it is not in itself unlawful to make an agreement about the lawful interest, unless it is certain that it is immoderate, or even about a greater interest, if there be a just and proportionate title."

Commercial speculation is a species of gaming contract, like betting. In itself it is as lawful as betting, but it becomes evil when unjust means are employed, such as making a corner on the market by spreading false reports. For many men commercial speculation may become an evil because of the danger that they will lose what is necessary for the decent support of their families.

(2) Capitalism, or the use of money as an instrument of production, rather than of exchange, is not in itself a moral evil, but a good. It is as necessary for the conduct of business as labor. Capitalism becomes evil when it employs unjust means for the prosecution of its ends, such as crushing out of existence legitimate competitors, influencing legislation by bribery, and denying labor the right to organize for self-protection, and paying workmen less than a just wage.

(3) Yes, provided that such services are generally regarded as patriotic and not sectarian, that they are conducted

in neutral places, and that anything of error which creeps into such services is not approved.

(4) If the action can be avoided or postponed you must do so, until you find out the truth of the matter. If the action cannot be avoided or postponed, but something must be done, you must form for yourself a practically certain conscience concerning the morality of the act, and do it or omit it, as the case may be. If of two courses of action, in the last instance, both appear to be evil, choose which you think is the lesser evil. There can be a case of necessary sinning.

CATHOLICS AND THE REVOLUTION

In reading "Voice of the People" in the news of today I noticed a pretty strange letter, asking where the Catholics were when the Declaration of Independence was signed. Will you be kind enough to give me the information about this, so I may answer such charges?—N. N., OSSINING, N. Y.

Such insinuations as "Where were the Catholics when the Declaration of Independence was signed?" is the effect of both ignorance and bigotry. Intelligent Americans carefully avoid such a display of snobbishness and intolerance.

Catholics were represented at the very signing of the immortal document, so much revered by Americans, in the person of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Md. As he wrote his name in a clear, bold hand, Benjamin Franklin remarked: "There goes a cool million for the cause." In signing the Declaration Charles Carroll took the greatest risk, for he was regarded as the richest man in the Colonies. When someone remarked that there were several Carrolls, and Charles would escape identification for his share in the Revolution, he added "Of Carrollton," saying: "They can't mistake me now!"

Not only were Catholics represented in signing the Declaration of Independence, but two Catholics, Daniel Carroll of Maryland, brother of Charles, and Thomas Fitzsimmons of Pennsylvania, were among the delegates who framed and signed the Constitution of 1787, which contained Article VI: "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for any office or public trust under the United States."

Besides their assistance to the revolution as legislators, Catholics gave generously of their services on the field of battle. Catholic France aided the cause with millions of dollars and ten thousand soldiers. All students of the Revolution know that without the aid of French troops and the French fleet American colonies would never have gained their independence. Americans who are acquainted with the history of the Colonies' struggle for independence can never forget the services of Rochambeau, De Grasse, De Kalb, Pulaski, Lafayette and Kosciuszko—Catholics all!

When distress hovered over the fortunes of the Revolutionary triumph native Catholics contributed liberally of

their money. Among the names of merchant contributors of Philadelphia, in 1780, may be found many Catholic names. Here are a few.

| | |
|-----------------------|----------|
| James Mease for | \$25,000 |
| Hugh Sheil | 25,000 |
| John Mease | 20,000 |
| S. Delaney | 4,000 |

"The Catholics from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with their clergy, at once took sides earnestly and heartily in the national cause. There were no Tories, no falterers and final deserters among them; none to shout for Congress while they carried a British protection for emergencies. The Catholics were to a man staunch and true, which can be said of none of the sects, for the Methodists, following the course of their founder, Wesley, were all on the Tory side, and nearly every other denomination was divided. Catholics bore their part bravely, and stood by the cause sturdily, when men like Benedict Arnold made their Protestantism a pretext for deserting the cause." (John Gilmary Shea in *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Vol. 1.)

There were no traitors among Catholics!

When the Protestant General Gates fled from the battlefield of Camden, with the Protestant militia of North Carolina and Virginia, Catholics stood firmly at their posts, and fought and died with the brave old Catholic hero, De Kalb!

So gallant, so true, so hearty was the support of Catholics for the Revolution that it drew from the first President of this nation, George Washington, the following commendation: "I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution, and the establishment of your Government; or the important assistance which they received from a nation (France) in which the Roman Catholic Faith is professed." (Address of George Washington to Roman Catholics of the United States of America, March 12, 1790.)

DIVORCE AND REMARRIAGE: OBLIGATION OF CATHOLIC FORM

I am a Catholic. I married a Methodist woman in the City Hall. I thought that I was married until a priest told me that I could not receive the sacraments until I was married before a priest. He said: "Bring your wife around and I will marry you right." When I told him that my wife was married before, he asked if her husband was dead. I said: "No, he is alive." The priest then said that he couldn't do anything, as the woman is still married to her first husband. Here is my whole trouble. Why was my marriage to the woman in the City Hall no good, while her first marriage, which was performed there, was good? If you marry in the City Hall, why can't you divorce in the City Hall?—N. N., JAMAICA, N. Y.

Your assertion that you are a Catholic is quite startling, in view of the state of mind exposed in your questions.

The plain reason why your so-called marriage is invalid is because the woman is still married to her first husband. Non-Catholics who contract marriage before a civil official are bound until death. The Divine Law recognizes no complete divorce, or rupture of the marriage bond. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," is the teaching of Christ. Therefore it would be adultery according to the Gospel teaching to live with another man's wife, for "she is bound to her husband as long as he liveth, but when he is dead she is loosed from the law of her husband."

But even though she were loosed from the law of her husband, you could not marry her validly before a civil official, for the simple reason that the Church, to which you say that you belong, demands that Catholics enter marriage before an authorized priest, under pain of invalidity. The civil ceremony is allowed, where the State demands it, but

merely as a non-religious service. The religious service must be performed by a legitimate priest, and only by him. We advise you to review your catechism in this matter.

FOUR UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) *Being a poor Catholic, I have to ask you why the Pope changed the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday?* (2) *If a Catholic leaves her State to live in another place, and intends to get married, is her name announced in the church where she formerly belonged?* (3) *What is the best way to make a novena? Would a wish be granted if I should say the Stations of the Cross? What prayer would you suggest for me to say in order to obtain something quickly?* (4) *I wish to be friendly with everybody. I love all as I am taught. At times I am very happy, but at other times I get so discouraged I want to die. I live by myself but am trying to find a real friend.—P. C., MALDEN, MASS.*

(1) The observance of Sunday instead of the Sabbath was introduced by the apostles in order to distinguish clearly the Jews from the Christians. They had the power to do this from Jesus Christ, Who was Lord of the Sabbath.

(2) If there is any suspicion of impediments the banns will be announced in the parish she formerly belonged to.

(3) An adult prayer book will give you this information. Where special prayers are not indicated it is up to the person to say the prayers which he finds most convenient for nine consecutive days. The reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion ought always to accompany a novena. Making the Stations of the Cross is one of the most efficacious methods of prayer, but the attainment of your wish depends on the good pleasure of God. The Our Father when said devoutly is the most excellent vocal prayer in existence. Our Lord taught it Himself. It contains all that the human heart needs to express. Say it with confidence and God will hear you.

(4) Get friendly with the girls of your parish. Join their sodality or girls club. "It is not good for man to be alone"; nor for woman either. The best way to get friends is to be friendly. The Chaperon Club, conducted by the *Extension Magazine* of Chicago, might interest you.

"THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS"

Some time ago you gave your opinion of the book by Bruce Barton—"The Man Nobody Knows." At the time I thought it was good. I would like to have it again to give it to a friend who thinks the book is great, but who don't seem to have the right ideas about Christ.—J. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The following criticism of the book appeared in the October issue of *THE SIGN* in 1926, under the caption "Especially the Author": "We have never read the book, merely glanced through it. Life is too short to waste precious time on such books. The author exhibits the sacred Person of Jesus Christ as One Who first introduced and used successfully the psychology of salesmanship; in other words, the Savior of the World put His goods 'across.' Bruce Barton would make Christ a good Rotarian or Kiwanian. If it were not for the author's ignorance one could not help charging him with arrant blasphemy. But since Mr. Barton is a writer for newspapers and magazines, he must turn out the matter. Unfortunately he turned his gaze towards Christ. He offers to the public a pen portrait of the Desire of the Everlasting Hills as the model of commercial salesmanship! The author had the temerity to entitle his profound (?) study of the Life of Christ—"The Man Nobody Knows." If that be true it includes Bruce Barton. The book is proof of that." Since writing the above comment we deem it should be added that Mr. Barton is a clever writer, but he lacks the scholarship, the culture, and especially the faith necessary for writing a Life of Christ.

GREGORIAN MASSES

I have been told about the Masses which are said for thirty consecutive days. Would you kindly advise me about them, especially the benefit to be derived from them?—E. M. S., GARDNER, MASS.; M. P., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Masses offered up on thirty consecutive days for the soul of a deceased person are usually called Gregorian Masses. The origin of this practice is found in the example of St. Gregory the Great who, after the death of one of his monks, ordered thirty Masses to be said for his soul. After the celebration of the thirtieth Mass the departed religious appeared to some of his brethren and told them that he was now in Heaven. Tradition also has it that St. Gregory asked of God that a plenary indulgence be granted to the soul for whom thirty Masses would be offered, and that God heard his prayer. The Church does not attribute extraordinary efficacy to the celebration of Gregorian Masses, but approves the pious and reasonable confidence which the faithful have in these Masses that, through the Mercy of God, the soul for whom they are offered will be liberated from Purgatory.

HOLY HILLS SHRINE

Can you tell me anything about the "Holy Hills Shrine" at Hartford, Wis.?—C. N., CHICAGO, ILL.

Sorry, but all we know about Hartford, Wis., is that it is in the Archdiocese of Milwaukee. You might write to the pastor of the Catholic church in Hartford for information, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed letter for reply.

CATHOLIC HOSPITAL FOR HEART TROUBLE

Could you tell me of any Catholic institution in Virginia, West Virginia, South or North Carolina, for the cure of heart trouble, in which the rates are reasonable?—J. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Write to Hospital Progress, Milwaukee, Wis., for this information.

MATTER ON DIVORCE

Can you tell me where I could get the proper information to use in a debate on "Divorce is a National Menace"?—H. O., HACKENSACK, N. J.

Look up the Catholic Encyclopedia, Volume V, "Divorce." You will get the Catholic teaching on the subject there. For recent statistics on the alarming increase in the divorce rate, consult the World Almanac, or write to the N. C. W. C., News Service, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

This question affords the opportunity of expressing a lament over the apparent ignorance of Catholics as to the existence and excellence of The Catholic Encyclopedia. It is a veritable mine of information on all things Catholic.

WHEN DOES SOUL LEAVE THE BODY?

What is the opinion or theory of the foremost thinkers on the question: when does a man's soul leave his body?—S. D., PITTSBURGH, PA.

At the moment of real death. Death itself means the dissolution of soul and body. When real death occurs is often difficult to know. It varies with the causes of death and the previous condition of the deceased. Suffice it to say that the soul does not always leave the body at the moment of apparent death, but may linger for hours. The only certain signs of real death upon which physiologists are agreed are putrefaction and the rigor of death.

CHINESE MISSIONARY SISTERHOODS

I have a desire to become a missionary Sister. Would you please send me a list of the different sisterhoods who send their subjects to do missionary work in China?—M. R., ST. LOUIS, MO.

The only female communities listed in the Official Catholic Year Book which are engaged in Chinese mission work are the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Maryknoll, N. Y., and Servants of the Holy Ghost, Techny, Ill. There are many other sisterhoods engaged in mission work in China, which were not established for that specific purpose.

DISPENSATION FROM ABSTINENCE

Will you kindly advise if it is permissible for men who work in offices to eat meat on Ember Days other than Fridays?—N. N.

By virtue of an Apostolic Indult granted by the Holy See, bishops of this country are empowered to dispense workingmen and their families from the common law of abstinence at one meal on all abstinence days throughout the year, except Fridays, Ash Wednesday, Wednesday of Holy Week, Holy Saturday till noon, and the Vigil of Christmas.

Workingmen are those engaged in work of an exhausting character, and the term usually denotes manual laborers. Therefore office workers, in itself, are not included under this term. However, if their work is such that it is not reasonably compatible with the obligation of abstinence, they too can share in this dispensation. In case of doubt it is always best to seek the advice of one's confessor. This will prevent both illusion and scrupulousness.

IN GOOD FAITH

If in the past a person did something sinful, but not knowing it was sinful, and recently found out that it was wrong, is that person bound to tell the same in confession, or is it understood that it was not a sin, as long as the person was ignorant of it?—S. N., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

In such circumstances there was no moral guilt. God judges our consciences according to the knowledge which we have at the time we perform the act, not that which we obtain subsequently.

CATHOLIC CHURCH CODDLES CRIMINALS?

Why does our Catholic Church allow men who are bandits and gangsters to have a Solemn High Mass at their funerals? Why are they buried in consecrated ground? They are killed many times in the streets, without getting a chance to have a priest. I am quite positive men like that are not in the state of grace at death. Why does the Church forbid a Mass to a man who had lost his mind and committed suicide? These things cause criticism among our Protestant brethren. They think our Church has all the bandits and murderers.—I. F., FLORAL PARK, N. Y.

You will find an answer to the substance of these questions in the September (1928) issue of THE SIGN.

We might add that there is always danger in making sweeping assertions and general statements. "One swallow doesn't make a summer." Such statements, or suppositions, are: "It seems that our Church has all the bandits, murderers, etc."; "Why are (all) bandits buried with Solemn High Masses?"; "Why are (all) poor suicides, who have lost their minds, denied ecclesiastical burial, even a Low Mass?"

We know of several bandits, murderers, bootleggers, profiteers, divorcees, etc., who are not even nominal members of the Catholic Church. You may recall that neither Judd Gray nor Mrs. Snyder was a Catholic at the time of the crime, though the latter embraced the true Faith while in the death house. A few more popular instances of criminals

of one kind or another might be mentioned, who are not Catholics, but it isn't necessary.

The trouble is that our people are generally poor logicians in this matter. As soon as one professing the Catholic Faith is either arrested, or hanged, or buried with a Solemn High Mass, they immediately jump to the conclusion that *all* bandits, murderers, etc., are Catholics. And that all these criminals are given Solemn High Masses. Now this does not happen to be the case. The Archbishop of Chicago publicly forbade funeral services to be held over two notorious characters (said to be Catholics), within the last year or so. At least in two important instances "bad men" were not favored by the Church to the exclusion of poor, unfortunate suicides, who lost their minds.

The Catholic Church is, indeed, a lenient Mother, especially at the last hour. She would like to embrace all manner of criminals and draw them to her maternal heart, that She may bring them to God, the Judge of all. Furthermore, the Catholic Church being Christ's Church, must always bear the reproach of Our Lord: "This man received *sinners and eateth with them!*" That was a crime in the eyes of the Pharisees, who were always "the best people," making a virtue of respectability and ostentation. The Pharisee who stood up in the Temple and told Almighty God how much better he was than the Publican went down to his house condemned, while the Publican (possibly he was a thief, murderer, etc.) went down to his *justified*. The Pharisees were externally very good, very correct, very respectable, but they didn't merit any praise from Jesus, the Searcher of Hearts. Rather, severe and humiliating rebuke. "Woe to you Pharisees. You are like whitened sepulchers, fair to the eye, but inwardly full of rottenness and all manner of filthiness."

The Church is all right. She may stretch a point now and then. But She never forgets that her business in the world is to deal with sinners; the worst criminals not excepted. She does not aim to make men respectable, but virtuous. While not neglecting what are called the "social virtues," She infinitely prefers a clean heart and an upright intention to all manner of exterior refinement, when not accompanied with purity of heart and humbleness of mind. She would rather deal with a humble and contrite bandit than with a proud and haughty Pharisee.

On the other hand it cannot be said that the Church is dead to a sense of decency. While She longs to reconcile sinners to God, and to send them before the Just Judge with as much comfort as possible, at the same time She legislates against giving the consolations of the Church to those who have shown themselves undeserving by their scandalous life. To such as persevere until their death in manifest sin She denies all ecclesiastical rites. This includes suicides. But, as there is oftentimes a doubt as to the condition of the suicide's mind, the Church leans to the side of mercy. In regard to public sinners, who have retracted their wickedness, the Church will afford them as much religious refreshment as the circumstances will permit. If in some instances the Church has been overkind, one must remember that this is a question of prudence in procedure, and that therefore mistakes may occur.

But one must beware of concluding from a few instances of over kindness in respect of criminals that it is the normal practice, and also one must avoid the illogical conclusion that because some criminals are Catholics, therefore *all* criminals are Catholics.

PASSIONIST LAY BROTHER

Do the Passionist lay brothers wear the badge of the Sacred Passion on their habits like the priests do?—F. I., BUECHEL, KY.

Yes. The only external distinction between the two is that the priests wear the badge on their mantle also.

NOVENA TO OUR LADY OF VICTORY

Will you please tell me where I can obtain a novena to Our Lady of Victory?—N. N.

Write to the Shrine of Our Lady of Victory, Lackawanna, N. Y.

ST. OCTAVIA

My sister's name is Octavia. She says that there is a saint with that name and that her name's day is in April. Please tell me the day, Father.—G. M., CHICAGO, ILL.

Octavia is the feminine form of Octavius. There are two saints with the name Octavius. One is celebrated on November 20th, the other on March 22nd. The former was a soldier, a member of the Theban Legion; the latter was an archdeacon.

PERSONAL REPLY

To M. B., PITTSBURGH, PA.—As the monastery church is not a parochial church, it did not have the privilege of celebrating a midnight Mass for the public. But on account of a special privilege granted to religious houses, midnight Mass is allowed for the community. Being a private affair, the superior was free to invite whom he chose.

GENERAL THANKSGIVING

I am inclosing an offering in thanksgiving to St. Anthony, who heard my prayer for a position after making a novena of nine Tuesdays. I was notified of the job on the last Tuesday of my novena. I had been looking for a position for months.—R. L.

K. S., EVANSVILLE, IND.; Subscriber; T. F. L., ELMHURST, N. Y.

THANKSGIVINGS TO SAINT JUDE

My husband had been out of work for nearly a year, and the opportunity of obtaining work seemed well-nigh hopeless. A friend gave me one of your booklets of St. Jude. I have prayed steadily to this patron of hopeless cases, and in answer to my prayer my husband obtained work this past week.—M. J. C., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

I had prayed a long time for a particular favor and it seemed as if it was not to be granted. Just then I read in THE SIGN of the wonderful favors granted to clients of St. Jude. I prayed to this great saint and very shortly after I received my request.—E. M. S., BRADDOCK, PA.

Among others who send us reports of favors granted through the intercession of St. Jude are: J. McK., NEW YORK, N. Y.; M. M., BOSTON, MASS.; K. T. D., ELIZABETH, N. J.; N. O'C., PITTSBURGH, PA.; C. S., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.; M. P. L., NATICK, MASS.; A. F., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.; B. M. D., BOSTON, MASS.; H. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; E. W., NEW YORK, N. Y.; T. J. D., MARYSVILLE, —; J. B., ALBANY, N. Y.; E. M. H., FREEPORT, N. Y.; E. K., BELLEVILLE, N. J.; M. L., E. R., MASON, OHIO; M. K., NEW YORK, N. Y.; H. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; W. J. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; L. L. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; F. A., NEW YORK, N. Y.; Sisters of Charity, NEWARK, N. J.; G. C., MEDFORD, MASS.; L. N., BRONX, N. Y.; L. P., —; E. M. K., SOMERVILLE, MASS.; E. McK., ROSLINDALE, MASS.; C. M. S., DORCHESTER, MASS.; T. W., WOODSIDE, N. Y.; J. F., NEWARK, N. J.; F. W., W. PHILADELPHIA, PA.; M. E. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

Communications

A SUGGESTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

On page 350 of *THE SIGN* for January, in answering an inquirer concerning Hypnotism, there appears the following: "We know of no popular book treating this subject from a Catholic viewpoint."

Perhaps the inquirer would have appreciated a reference to the Catholic Encyclopedia, even if he had to go to the library to consult it.

The Universal Knowledge Foundation, Inc.,

W. J. Magee, President.

(We gladly refer our questioner to Volume 7, Page 604.

—EDITOR.)

SANTA MARIA DELLA CATENA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The January issue is the first copy I have read of *THE SIGN* and found it very interesting.

At a first glance over the pages the words "Santa Maria Della Catena" attracted my attention, as mother often spoke to us of this miraculous shrine which not long ago performed a miracle for one of my brothers (which is the same brother that subscribed to *THE SIGN*).

In the first paragraph I read, the writer doesn't exactly know how the Shrine merited such a name. Ever since mother was a young girl she often heard of this Shrine but could never seem to find out its history. About two months ago, one of my uncles in Italy fortunately saw the book entitled "Santa Maria Della Catena" advertised. He immediately purchased it and sent it to mother. The whole history of "Santa Maria Della Catena" is in that booklet. I will explain to the best of my ability how the shrine merited such a name.

The devotion of "Santa Maria Della Catena" originated in Palermo, Italy, writes a devoted writer of the Blessed Virgin. It occurred in the year 1392 when King Martino reigned in Sicily, first husband of Queen Maria d'Aragona, and refers to three young men condemned to die on the gallows. No one knows whether they were innocent or whether they had devotion to the Blessed Virgin; but suddenly, as they were about to be hanged, the heavens became dark and a great storm arose. The people all fled and the streets were deserted. The executioners and guards, along with their prisoners, found refuge in the church of "Santa Maria Dell Porto" or "St. Mary of the Port," in hopes that the storm would soon end and the execution could take place. The storm lasted all day and the execution was postponed for the next day. The prisoners' chains were doubly enforced and the church doors were locked with great precaution. But this act was as a witness to the miracle. The guards, sure of everything being well, fell asleep. The three unfortunates dragged themselves to the foot of Our Lady's Statue, praying and weeping. While praying, the chains became loose and without the least noise fell to the floor. Comforted by words which they visioned the Blessed Virgin to say: "Go in liberty and fear nothing, the Divine Infant Who is in my arms, heard your prayer and saved your life." The doors opened themselves and the three young men fled. On awakening, the guards noticed the prisoners had gone and immediately a search was begun. The prisoners were soon captured and chained again. The people appealed to the King, and on hearing their story, he replied: "The Blessed Virgin wished to free them, I also shall free them." The King and Queen visited the church to witness with their own eyes the miracle. From that day on there was a continual pilgrimage to the Sanctuary and was named "Sanctuario Della Maria Della Catena." Many miracles were performed there, and with

the people's donations the church soon became quite a structure. Queen Giovanna of Naples made her first visit there in the year 1500.

Many interesting facts are told about the shrine in the small booklet. It is written in Italian. Fifty years of mother's life passed before knowing the history of this shrine and she values the book as much as her life. There is also the novena in it which she often makes. I forgot to state that many small churches have been built since then also named "Santa Maria Della Catena." So numerous are the miracles performed by Our Lady that the Pope in the year either 1922 or 1928 granted a 300 days' indulgence to whoever recited the ejaculation "Nostra Signora Della Catena pregate per noi"—"Our Lady of the Chain pray for us."

I hope you will pardon me for taking this liberty of writing to you, but I felt as though the writer of "Santa Maria Della Catena" would like to know its history.

LYNN, MASS.

VIRGINIA DITTO.

SEMINARIAN'S EXPERIMENT

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I simply could not resist the temptation (if I can call it such) to write and tell you what took place this evening in our assembly hall.

Gathered about a small fruit-box, on which was a member of the student body, there started with a bang, our first Catholic Evidence Guild Meeting.

No doubt, you will want the particulars, for others of your readers may be interested in this great Apostolate. Well father, I shall give you the details and state the facts as they took place.

One of the students (rather nervous of course in the midst of his classmates) brought in his own platform and set it down right in the center of a large group of seminarians and with this there followed an uproar on the part of the class. The speaker immediately opened fire and addressed the students on the subject of his discourse: "The Visibility of the Church."

He began to lay the foundation of his talk, by explaining the requirements that are essential for any successful enterprise, viz.: organization, unity and the functioning of the members of the body or the society as the case might be.

He used this method of exposition in order to show his hearers that the Church of Christ must have organization, must be united and must function properly, if it too, is to be successful. But the speaker had a real crowd before him and one that would have pleased Mr. Shéed, Dr. Arendzen and Miss Maisie Ward.

One "heckler" yelled right out at the speaker: "Say we don't want business methods, give us religion." The speaker retorted: "My good man, I was only using that method as an example." Then the questions began to fly all around the speaker, but being the master of the situation, he always handled the crowd in a masterly manner. Another question, "Say, what do you mean by infallibility?" "Sorry," replied the speaker, "but our subject tonight is the 'Visibility of the Church.' We shall take up your question in a later meeting."

In the course of the meeting the speaker mentioned something in reference to chauffeurs and out of a clear sky one of the crowd yelled out: "That's my job, Mister!" The speaker smiled. But before he started again he was hit with another question which took down the house and almost wrecked the meeting. "Say there brother are you a chauffeur?" "Why do you ask that question?" replied the Guild man. "Well, it looks to me as though you are taking us for an awful ride." Immediately every one howled, the speaker was confused, but seizing this opportunity he cried out, "Let's give the boy a hand, that's a good one," and they did.

Father, this Guild man was clever, he put his talk across, and he was above all a gentleman, never losing his poise;

one, who, to my way of thinking would make the ideal Guild speaker.

After making the way clear for one of his associates, the first speaker congratulated the crowd (the seminarians) for their wonderful ability in making the meeting a real typical Hyde Park gathering.

Father Harold, let me say right here, that if all our seminaries, all our universities and colleges took up this work, America would in less than seventy-five years be what Christ wants it to be—ONE, CATHOLIC FOLD.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

JOS. WALDRON.

AN OLD PRIEST WRITES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am an old man to begin with. I am dubbed "Dreamer" by some of my ecclesiastical friends. My years of usefulness in the ministry are at best, few. And sadly I thought I would never live to see, even remotely realized the dreams of my predilection—the establishment of an American Catholic Evidence Guild. The other day I was sitting in my study preoccupied with my dreams when my curate rushed in waving a February SIGN. He opened it at the article entitled "At the Cross Roads" and said, "Read this, probably you will live to see a guild established yet." I read it and reread it.

And the words of holy Simeon came to me, "Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word in peace; because my eyes have seen thy salvation. A light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of thy people Israel." And surely these words were appropriate. For what a light to the man-be-dimmed revelation of the Gentiles outside the true fold, will not such a movement be. What a glory to the Church to see her layfolk going into the highways and byways, teaching the time-tried truths of Catholicism.

So suffer me to congratulate you on bringing this vital, American Catholic interest to the public notice. I can read between the lines of your editorial note the zeal you have for this holy cause. Continue, despite all obstacles. I might suggest that the founders of this movement in America, take St. Sebastian as their patron, for they will have an arrow of criticism shot into every square inch of their bodies. Being a poor old pastor, with St. Peter I must say: "Silver and gold I have none; but what I have I give thee." . . . my poor prayers. May our dear Lord bless you in your noble work, and may THE SIGN become to many more the sign of inspiration and encouragement it has always been to me.

CHICAGO, ILL.

A CITY PASTOR.

REFLECTIONS OF A LAYMAN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In an editorial insert in an article by F. J. Sheed on the Catholic Evidence Guild you invite comment on the matter of this article. I judge that the only field for remark would be a survey of the possibilities of street preaching in this country. That such an enterprise has succeeded in England, both the authority of Mr. Sheed and other reliable reports which have become familiar to Catholic readers prove beyond a considerable doubt. This fact in itself proves to me, that the same success after the inevitable preliminary discouragements will await any enterprise of the same kind which is launched in the United States.

A Catholic—I think we can say any Christian who has preserved the germs of the major Christian truths—knows that conversion, be it Hottentot or Saxon, is maneuvered by the grace of God alone. But in its distribution, grace is made to go with and vary with the play of natural instruments. A hundred times every day we notice what a mighty moral influence is exercised by human speech. An advertisement kills its thousands but a salesman his tens of thousands. A gust of gossip over the back fence can, in its

respective sphere, shame any earthquake or arsenal explosion for destructiveness. An itinerant negro preacher who spreads his tent anywhere, or the novelty vendor, who locates on Forty-second Street and vocally demonstrates his collapsible telescope or his jiffy glue that holds like welding, can monopolize the attention of the mob in no less striking a measure than the gunman in Harlem who pokes his automatic between your shoulders at 2 A. M. and persuades you to reimburse his depleted finances. There was Demosthenes on the Acropolis, unaided, who harmed the great Macedonian more than an Athenian army ever did. There was Cicero whose voice had to be stilled for ever to still the rocking of Caesar's throne. But there are a tiresome amount of examples.

We may never be able to write down in mathematically correct figures the degree of moral influence one man can exert on another. We can write down that this influence depends greatly upon ideas that are made audible in speech.

Speech has a vast and profound natural influence on the convictions and decisions of men. A more remarkable fact is that Christ selected the agency of the human word as a weapon of apostleship. His mission was to release an immense quantity of grace on the world. He was to steep the human soul in a supernatural detersive, and transform it into a divine thing. The method—at least the ground-clearing and foundation—digging method—was the apostolic commission to preach the Gospel to all nations, to every creature. If we are bible-reading Catholics, as we should be, we know that the results of Peter's first sermon reached into the thousands. The bibliography of the Fathers is mainly a collection of homilies. Even now, the pulpit is as necessary, though in a less dignified sense, as the tabernacle. It was the Holy Ghost who said, by St. Paul, that "Faith cometh by hearing."

Christ was strictly *utilitarian* in His choice of preaching as the instrument of apostleship. Speech is socially so necessary. It is so powerful. I think that anyone who has thought carefully and candidly about the counting factors in the last presidential campaign will agree that, considering the handicaps which Mr. Smith had to carry, it was his rugged but genuine eloquence that commanded the great popular vote that he received. I notice that Mr. Sheed says no Guildsman thinks street preaching an ideal way of spreading the Faith. But he does think it the only way. Put a man on the soap-box or on the more catastrophic orange-crate and at least he will get the attention of the average pedestrian. That is a start. You will get a seed of Catholic Truth into a head which would never bother to read a written line about it, and never go to a Catholic Church to hear a word about it.

Can an American and an Englishman be so fundamentally different that one will be "taken in" by outdoor preaching while the other reacts or fails to react like the stony ground of the parable. I think not. There is too close and persistent a communication between American and English thought through the medium of our common language and our common racial background. Even in politics we are much more like the English than most of us are aware. We may be reluctant to admit that American institutions are largely an English heritage, but history rebukes our folly. We have a national individuality but it is much like the English individuality. The man with an idea to preach—Evangelical, Psycho-Analyst, Christ-Scientist or Theosophist—can command a satisfactory number of ears either in Union Square or in Hyde Park. The ears of a New Yorker would itch as much for a wisp of Catholic doctrine as the ears of a Londoner. Why not?

It is my confirmed opinion that the hard thing to find would be not arguments to guarantee Guild *success*, in America, but to guarantee Guild *failure*. The only difficulty is, "Who is going to bear the burden and the heat of inaugurating it?"

CINCINNATI, OHIO

PAUL MICHAEL MASTERS.

A Man Named Simon

WITH SOMETHING IN A NAME

IF THERE was anything that galled Simon Grainger, it was his own name—Simon. He hated it. He never could understand why his parents picked out that name above all others; seeing that it had never been a family name either on his mother's side or his father's. One of his earliest hates was for the boy enemy who after a wordy quarrel concentrated all possible venom into the nickname, "Simple Simon," which he threw, like so much mud, at Simon, and which, unlike mud, resisted all efforts to get rid of it. True, the nickname did not long survive schooldays, but one almost as bad, as Simon saw things, took its place. Everybody called him Si. Even in college days no one ever thought of calling him anything else, except the professors who always dignified him with his entire name of Simon.

It was not until he entered the law school that he could claim the name, Mr. Simon Grainger, without any opposition. No one ever dared any more to abbreviate it. It would not have been well for anybody to try. For Mr. Simon Grainger had reached the stage where he felt his own importance, and tried, though vainly, to make everybody else realize it. In fact he was put down as something of a snob, and was in consequence far from being popular with his fellow-students. And, when all is said and done, an abbreviated name like Tom or Dick or Harry or Si, suggests a sense of familiarity that indicates that the person so addressed is affectionately regarded. But Simon cared little whether or not he was affectionately regarded. He did not care for the opinion of people. He was self-sufficient.

He was a brilliant student, he was a fine specimen of young manhood, he was almost handsome. Even his enemies had to admit that he was bound to make a name for himself in the world. But they did not admit it as strongly as did Simon himself. His ambition was boundless. He was going to be a lawyer, an eminent one, and then very likely a judge. He would make the name Simon Grainger, much as he disliked the

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

Simon of it, one to conjure with.

One could not object very well to Simon's ambition, but there was a kind of hardness to it that was repulsive. It was because he was an essential snob. He had no sympathy with the less favored as to talent. To him the ordinary student was a pitiable thing that never should have been allowed to cross the threshold of a university. And as for the young men who had been obliged to work their way through college, he never would tolerate any familiarity from them, even supposing that they would have cared enough for his friendship to try to win it. For Simon had been lucky enough, or unlucky, if you will, to have no financial worries during all his school days.

His mother had died when he was in grammar school; perhaps the lack of her gentle influence, for she was, indeed, a gentle lady and a devout Catholic, accounted for much of the snobishness of Simon. His father died when Simon was in his first year at law, but, though he had not been rich, he had left enough, so that Simon would not have to worry about finishing his education, and even after that would have a few thousand dollars to tide him over until such time as he would be established in his law practice. Not that Simon ever had any doubt that he would be making big money his first year out.

Simon boarded near the university in a house conducted by one Mrs. Long. Years before it had been the mansion of one of the noted millionaires of the country, but the district had gone down and was now given over mostly to lodging-houses. Simon might just as well have lived on a desert island so far as the other lodgers were concerned. He saw them come and go, but had hardly a bowing acquaintance with them. They were all working people, and Simon was above associating with working people. It hurt him to be obliged to live in a mere lodging-house that

harbored such people, and he would welcome the day when, his degree obtained, he would be able to take quarters more refined.

So behold Simon Grainger, Esquire, on the very day of his graduation from the law school. His cap and gown were thrown on the bed, and he sat at his reading desk gloating over his diploma. He had gone the first distance on his road of ambition. True, the bar examinations were still to be passed, but they seemed almost puerile to one who had been recognized as the leader of his class. The world was Simon's oyster, and all he had to do was open it. Perhaps he would go back to the university as instructor, perhaps he would enter the great firm of Knowles and Crimmins, which position, as an influential friend of his father's had assured him, would be his for the asking. There were so many opportunities for him, it was hard to choose. Anyway he had arrived. The rest now was merely a matter of detail.

First of all he decided that he must get the diploma framed. A nice polished ebony was the thing. There was a very genteel shop, Loren's, at the foot of the hill, right next to the Morton Lunch. And that reminded Simon that he was hungry. He would go out and have lunch and at the same time bring the diploma to Loren's. Handsome, strong, self-confident youth! He dallied for a moment before the mirror, frankly admiring himself, set his hat at a rakish angle, and then with a quick setting back of his shoulders started to descend the stairs.

HE NEVER could tell how the accident happened. It was supposed that his foot had caught in the worn stair-carpet and that he was thrown down the entire flight of stairs. Both legs had been broken, his spine injured and his head battered against the radiator in the lower hall. For weeks he lay between life and death in the city hospital. But he recovered. Four months later he was dismissed, a poor wreck of a youth, hobbling on crutches, with a jagged scar over his right eye, and with a stoop that re-

sulted from the spinal injury. Mrs. Long, who had visited him at the hospital almost daily, insisted that he come back to the lodging-house and remain there until he had recuperated entirely. And Simon was glad to return to the room which during the long days at the hospital had all the attractions of home. The hospital bills had taken a great deal of his surplus funds, but there still remained a few thousand dollars, so that he did not feel like an object of charity. He could still pay his way, and he hugged to himself his self-respect, while at the same time he recognized the fact that Mrs. Long was more than kind in letting him back into her house, with the added trouble of providing him his meals.

Simon knew that he was under a compliment to her, even though he paid her in money. Money could not pay for everything, and Simon had brains enough to know that. That made him morose, rebellious. Why should he who had been so proud in his strength, so self-sufficient, be reduced to this horrible condition of depending upon the kindness of a practical stranger? Where was this goodness of God that he had always taken for granted? Simon was not a religious man. He had gone to Mass regularly and had made his Easter duty every year. He had lived a clean life; in fact he had very little temptation to vice of any kind, for vice was weakening, thought Simon, and interfered with a man's success. So Simon had remained clean, not through any special love for virtue or for God, but because ambition was a dearer mistress. But, argued Simon to himself in those dark days, here was the reward he had got for leading a decent life. He might just as well have broken every commandment; he had been punished by God as if he had been an out and out criminal.

ONE day he shocked the religious Mrs. Long by expressing his rebellion. She had suggested that he have one of the priests of the parish come and hear his confession and bring him Holy Communion.

"No," he said, crossly and sharply. "I'm done with all that."

"Why, Simon Grainger," she gasped in horror, "how can you, a Catholic, say such things?"

"I'm sorry to offend you, Mrs. Long," he replied, "but I mean every word of it. I was always faithful to

my religion, and see what it has got me." He pointed to his crutches.

"Crutches can be turned into crosses," she said simply.

"Turned into crosses!" he exclaimed. "They don't need to be turned into crosses; they *are* crosses, the heaviest crosses that God could give a man. And who wants crosses, I'd like to know."

"Perhaps none of us would ever go really looking for them," said the woman, "and I suppose that's why God does the choosing for us. He forces the cross on our backs. Of course we rebel. Nobody knows that better than I do. Somehow you seem to me like a Simon the Second."

"Simon the Second? What do you mean?" he said.

"Don't you remember the Stations of the Cross—the station where they forced Simon of Cyrene to carry the cross behind Our Lord? I often wondered, as the priest read that station, why it was that Simon had to be forced. Of course I know that he didn't know then Whose cross he was asked to help to carry. But I'm sure that as soon as he got hold of that cross his eyes were opened and he knew that he was not forced by men but chosen by God. Funny, isn't it, that your name is Simon, too?"

"Funny? I'll say it's a funny name. I've always hated the name. I don't know why they ever wished it on me."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Long, "your mother liked to make the Stations."

"She did," said Simon.

"And perhaps she got a kind of liking for Simon of Cyrene just as I did and called her son after him, never guessing that he would be called upon to be a second Simon."

"Second Simon," said the man bitterly, "you mean Simple Simon, as the boys used to nickname me. No, you can't expect me to fall down on my knees—imagine me falling on my knees with these legs—and thank God for having forced me to carry a crutch—or a cross, if you like."

"Well," said Mrs. Long, "I don't know how long it was before Simon of Cyrene got over his anger at being forced to help with Another Man's cross. He may have sweated under it a long time before his resentment gave way to pity for the Other Man that was carrying most of the cross, but I'm sure that after a while he realized how blessed he was. It may have been only after he had done a

little praying. Oh, there's the door bell."

And Mrs. Long went away quickly, glad of the chance, for she felt that she had sermonized enough for one day to the young man who was plainly in no mood for spiritual talk.

"A lot of woman's soft talk," said Simon to himself, when she had gone. "How they bring religion into everything and see the hand of God in everything. Simon the Second! . . . Bunk!"

AND he turned his attention to the law book he had been reading when interrupted by Mrs. Long. For Simon still had ambition left. It was not the overpowering, confident ambition of the days when he felt the world was at his feet. He had been too battered physically and mentally to have that kind of ambition come through intact. But still there was with him the determination to amount to something, to keep on studying, to cultivate his mind, so that when he was physically well again—if he ever were, he sighed, he would be at least mentally adequate.

But he could not concentrate on the book. The vision of Simon the First kept intruding itself at the end of every line. Simon of Cyrene, forced, forced, forced just like himself to bend his back beneath the cross. He wondered about this Simon. Was he young, handsome, ambitious, ready to dominate the world? Perhaps. And, just one fatal step, he was thrust under Another One's cross. Poor Simon of Cyrene, rebellious, fighting, resentful—and it didn't do him a bit of good. What could one poor man do against that rabble that was filled with hate against Jesus? The case of Simon intrigued him. He wanted to know more about this man, his namesake, perhaps, as Mrs. Long had suggested, the very one after whom he himself had been named. Simon! He would never be able to get away from that name. There was something fatal about it.

He laid aside the book he was vainly trying to read, and got up and hobbled over to his bookcase to look for his prayerbook, which, he knew, contained the Epistles and Gospels. He found it at last relegated to a corner as if its only purpose for being was to fill up space. He felt a twinge of conscience as the thought came home to him that it was a long time since he had made a familiar

use of a prayerbook. He hobbled back to his chair, and began almost feverishly to look for the passage about Simon in the Passion as read on Palm Sunday. He soon found it, but was rather disappointed at the little information given by the evangelist. "And going out they found a man of Cyrene, named Simon: him they forced to take up His cross." That was all.

Simon came out of oblivion and went back to oblivion. He hobbled over again to the bookcase and returned with his Bible, a relic of college days and never opened since those days. He looked for the corresponding passage in St. Luke. He found it, and read: "And as they led Him away, they laid hold of one Simon of Cyrene, coming from the country; and they laid the cross on him to carry after Jesus." "Coming from the country," repeated Simon to himself. He rather liked the sound of it, and it gave him a thrill which the simple words could not account for. There was then very little to be discovered about this stranger "coming from the country," who was forced to carry the cross.

Whether it was because Simon Grainger was in a new mood, or whether it was because he was tired of hobbling over to his bookcase, he still sat there with the prayerbook in his hands. Rather half-heartedly at first, but soon with absorbed interest, he began to read the entire story of the Passion. Perhaps, he said to himself, it would help him to get the background of Simon of Cyrene. When he had finished, he closed his eyes and sat back in the chair. What a tragic drama, he thought. Poor Simon of Cyrene, he mused; yet, infinitely more, poor Jesus Christ. What terrible sufferings He endured. Why did they make Him suffer so? Why didn't some one give Him a helping hand. And then the thought dawned on him. Why that's just what Simon of Cyrene did; his taking hold of the cross must have given some relief to Jesus; and Jesus must have been grateful to him, and Simon though unwilling at first to help bear the load must have been glad, after beholding all that Jesus endured, to be able to help just a little; and he must have been sorry that he had to be forced instead of running eagerly at once to bear the whole burden of the cross. And after all Simon was lucky — no that wasn't exactly the word — blessed, that was better — in

having the chance to win the favor of God. And God surely must have rewarded him for the act, which, though at first forced, must have become a personal act of love. It was Simon's passport to eternal life. Why that was it! "Coming from the country" to the Holy City! It was a happy discovery to Simon Grainger, and he repeated the idea to himself several times.

"I wish," said Simon to Mrs. Long, the next morning when she brought him his breakfast, "I wish you would ask one of the priests to come and see me today. It's quite a while since I went to Confession."

"Gladly," said Mrs. Long. "I'm sure you'll feel better to receive Holy Communion. It will help you to bear your cross, and we all need help for that."

"And even Jesus seemed to want help," said Simon. "I was thinking last night that Simon of Cyrene was not so much forced by the soldiers as he was called by Jesus. Anyway he made things lighter for the back of Jesus, and somehow I think—well, that if we accept the cross we kind of take some of the load off His back. I can't just express it the way I feel but . . ."

"I understand," said Mrs. Long.

AFTER the priest had gone the next morning Simon felt a peace that he had never felt before. He grimly smiled to himself as he held his crutches and realized that it was the first time he had taken them up without bemoaning his lot and pitying himself. Even crutches were a petty thing compared with the great experiences he had had today. He had made his general Confession and had received Holy Communion. He wanted to be alone, and he was loath to enter into conversation with Mrs. Long when she brought him his breakfast.

"Leave it over there on the table by the window," he said, "and I'll tackle it after I've finished my penance."

The woman said nothing but left the breakfast on the table and withdrew, her sense of religion telling her that God was still in that room.

It was a half hour later when Simon, his penance finished, decided to have his breakfast. He struggled to his feet and took his crutches.

"Well, Simon the Second," he said to himself, "let's take another step toward Calvary."

Mrs. Long who was working on the floor below heard the fall. She knew at once that it was Simon and she rushed up the stairs and into the room. He was stretched on the floor, his crutches beneath him. He was unconscious. She rushed to the telephone and summoned the doctor and the priest, and then waited, not knowing how to administer aid. Instinctively she knew that death was near. She knelt beside him. He was trying to speak. She caught the words: "Coming from—the country—to the—Holy City."

He was dead when the doctor and the priest arrived. When the priest had finished administering the last rites and had withdrawn, the doctor said to Mrs. Long, "It was the heart. And I'm sure that is what caused his accident when he fell down the stairs. He came to me two years ago and I discovered a bad condition of the heart. I did not have the heart to tell him the whole truth. But frankly I'm surprised that he lasted this long."

"He lasted" — Mrs. Long was going to say that he lasted until he had received the grace to thank God for his cross, but she felt that the doctor would not understand, so she said no more.

"What was his first name?" asked the doctor. "I'll need to know it."

"Simon," said Mrs. Long.

"Simon," repeated the doctor as he wrote it down. "Rather an odd name for this generation."

"I always liked the name," said Mrs. Long. "You know I think that God often chooses our baptismal names as a — well, as a kind of prophecy of what He wants us to be."

But she knew that the doctor did not know what she was talking about.

Give me, O Lord, heavenly wisdom that I may learn above all things to seek Thee, and to find Thee, above all things to relish Thee and to love Thee; and to understand all other things as they are according to the order of Thy wisdom.—A. KEMPIS.

The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatever form it may be of Government; the liberty of a private man in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may be consistent with the laws of God, and of his country.—COWLEY.

Philip the Prosaic

EIGHTH OF A SERIES ON CHRIST'S TWELVE

By F. J. MUELLER

NO CHARACTER study of the Apostles can fail to note the outstanding fact that they were so different one from another in character and temperament. "In my Father's house there are many mansions," says Christ, and in His own chosen body of immediate personal friends there are all sorts and conditions of men; they range from men of action like Peter and poets like John to matter-of-fact people like Philip.

There is little, really, that is certainly known of Philip beyond the few facts that the Gospels record of him. We know, however, that he was an inhabitant of Bethsaida, the lake town that furnished so surprisingly great a portion of the membership in the College of the Twelve. It was from that little place that Christ called Peter and Andrew and James and John; Philip was also of that place, but what his mode of life was before his call to the apostolate, the records do not tell. He was apparently not a fisherman as the rest of the Bethsaida apostles were; but more than that it would be mere conjecture to say, and one guess is as good as another.

Of his antecedents we know just as little. It is known, however, that he was a member of the crowd on that momentous day, so great in its significance to Christian history, when John the Baptist pointed out the Messiah and in so doing, concluded his mission upon earth. It was to announce and point out immediately, and not in prophecy as his predecessors had done, the personality of the Messiah. His preaching and the sensation it created in the neighborhood were intended for that purpose; it was done when he saw the figure of Christ nearing him there on the banks of the Jordan that day and cried out in exultant joy: "Behold the lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." More than one of those who later became

apostles of Christ were amongst those who heard that cry of fulfilled hope and longing, and Philip was among them. His apostolic life, his career of bringing souls to Christ, began just there.



Metropolitan Art Museum.

SAINT PHILIP

It is interesting to note how often that means was used by Christ in becoming humanly acquainted with the persons of His apostles. One member of a pair was used to bring the other, more than once, often enough in fact to suggest the possibility that there is hidden deep in that fact some significance that has so far escaped scrutiny. For in-

stance, Andrew heard John proclaim the Messiah and at once hies himself home to get Peter, his brother, and together, they make their way speedily back to Christ and their destiny is attained at once. John and James came to Christ together. And when Philip saw Christ the first time, he was not content to be selfish with his glad news either. He too went to another, and that other Nathaniel, and announced Christ in his turn.

But what a difference there is between the announcement as Andrew makes it and the way Philip speaks his glad tidings. Andrew bursts into Peter's room and shouts his news breathlessly: "We have found the Messiah." Philip, on the contrary, shows his essential character in this as in the other few incidents the Gospel records of him directly. There is nothing breathless about it; it is a matter that requires sober thought and consideration. There is no ecstasy about the affair whatever; his conviction that he has seen the Lord is a matter of evidence that satisfies his calm, dispassionate judgment. He comes to his friend Nathaniel and says quite calmly: "We have found Him of Whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph."

NOTE the details of the evidence; they show the lines of progress in the man's mind, the manner in which he was convinced that John the Baptist was no dreamy enthusiast but a trustworthy herald of the truth. Moses in the Law of the Old Testament had spoken of a Messiah to come; the Prophets, during four thousand years of Jewish history, had told again and again of the circumstances and the personality of the Messiah that God had promised the fallen Adam and Eve in Eden. The Person Who should come in fulfillment of those predictions must of necessity furnish his credentials; it was not a matter for enthusiastic

emotion but of sober judgment. He must show that in Him and the conditions of His life were fulfilled all the detailed prophecies of forty centuries.

Philip had evidently conned the matter pretty thoroughly. In his first announcement of the Messias, he alludes to both the Mosaic Law and the prophecies by which God had gradually prepared His Chosen People for the acceptance of the Messias when He should make His long awaited appearance. Hence: "We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, son of Joseph." He brings, therefore, to his friend, not only the news of the fact, as Andrew told it to Peter; he brings the evidence as well, detailed and carefully marshalled. He would not only inform his friend, he would convince as well.

THE first impression of Nathaniel seems to have been that of a good natured, genial sceptic. He knows something of the traditions, of course; every Jew of his day knew them well. He must have been aware that the Messias was soon to be expected after the long wait. He shows no manner of surprise, therefore, that Philip should think the day has come. It is the origin of the Messias as Philip tells it that amuses him. "Jesus of Nazareth, son of Joseph," Philip had said. It was to smile, at least. Nazareth, of all places! "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" asks Nathaniel. Then Philip shows something of his mettle. No debating, no arguments for him. There is always the one supreme argument on which he can rely, the same one on which Christ relied constantly, by the way, the best test of all: "Come and see." Philip had supreme confidence in the reliability of his information. He knows that, startling though it appear at first sight that anything good could possibly emanate from so notorious a place as the despicable Nazareth, still, the facts must speak for themselves and convincingly. So, "Come and see." And Nathaniel came, and saw, and was conquered for time and eternity by the personality of the Nazarene.

There came a day, some time afterward, when the crowds had followed Christ into the wastelands and were hungry. He had fed their souls on the Word of Truth; He would do no less for their bodies. Five thou-

sand of them at least there were; and Christ was moved to compassion over their plight. He could not send them home unfed for they would faint on the way, and that would have been a poor way for Him to repay their selfless devotion to Him. He turns to Philip (one wonders just why to the sober-minded Philip) and asks: "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" Was it because Philip had established his reputation for always knowing the sober, rock-bottom facts of a case, because he was known as a practical man?

Possibly. But at any rate, it is to Philip that the question was addressed. And at once comes the practical answer: "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them that every one may take a little." Note it; the amount of bread that would be required to give so great a crowd even a small lunch. Philip knew the practical facts. There was no seeming foresight of a miracle in Philip's mind. It was simply a question of something so prosaic as food-supply for a crowd, and there were no commissaries at hand. The facts simply were these: it would take more than two hundred pennyworth of bread to feed them. Is it hard to imagine Christ smiling at his hard-headed apostle? Philip had precious little imagination, it would appear, but when it was a question of practical facts, Philip knew. But there were others in the little band of Christ's friends who seem to have suspected that Christ had more in mind than a mere query about the available food-supply, and the youth with his five loaves and two fishes is brought to Christ. The great miracle takes place, the thousands are fed to satiety on that ridiculously small store of food, and the world is given for all its days one of the great demonstrations that matter and space and time are subject to this Messias who has come out of the despised Nazareth.

There is another interesting light on Philip's character in the Gospel. A group of Greeks came one day to Philip—perhaps because of his own Greek name?—and asked if they might see the Master. Philip's native caution takes a hand. These are not Jews, and the Messias concerns Himself with the Chosen. What want these aliens with the great and well-loved Teacher? Still, it is not his business to reject them entirely. They knew nothing of Christ, to be

sure; but who could be sure of what might not be within the plans and desires of a Teacher whose power multiplied loaves and fishes into banquets for thousands?

Philip would see what could be done in the case. He goes to his friend Andrew and states the matter to him. Andrew, with characteristic decision, brings the foreigners to Christ at once. And it is easy to see in imagination the kindly eye of Christ light up as He beholds these first-fruits of the Gentile harvest. They are harbingers of what is to be in days to come, when His own people will have none of Him, when they will reject their destiny despite all the centuries of prophecy, and crucify Him Who came to save. It is to the Gentiles then that He will betake Himself through His apostles and they shall possess the kingdom of God. He said then in quiet joy: "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified. I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to myself." A cryptic proclamation of Gentile vocation to God, it is true; but a proclamation none the less.

Once more Philip's name is mentioned in connection with a character-revealing incident. It is the night of the Last Supper. The traitor has been despatched about his nefarious business; Christ is alone with His friends there. The Blessed Sacrament has been forever instituted, the first Communions have been received, one of them sacrilegiously, but the evil element had been for the time eliminated and Christ speaks lovingly and touchingly to His own. He is taking leave of them and would console them in advance and strengthen them for the ordeal that is to test their souls and their confidence and trust in Him. He says in part: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No man cometh to the Father but by me. If you had known me, you would without doubt have known my Father also; and from henceforth you shall know him and you have seen him."

PHILIP is a little puzzled, even then; all this may be clear to the others, but Philip would have it further clarified; his Master is still speaking in riddles, as far as Philip can make out. Philip says: "Lord, show us the Father and it is enough for us." Once again, Philip's same old test of the truth of things; "seeing

is believing." The answer of Christ is, as always, kindly and gentle. "Believe you not that I am in the Father and the Father in me; the Father who abideth in me, he doth the works. Believe you not that I am in the Father and the Father in me? Otherwise, believe for the very work's sake. If any man love me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him, and will make our abode with him."

Philip wanted to be shown, and in good time, shown he was. He needed time to think through the proposition, but when once that had

been done, there was no turning back. His doubts were at an end, if doubts they deserve to be called and not merely indications of native caution. He believed eventually because he loved, and he loved to the death. For like all the others of his apostolic companions, he went forth into the highways and byeways seeking to bring the souls of men all and sundry to the banquet table of God's truth, and his devotion to his mission cost him his life.

Christ came not to destroy but that men might have life and have it more abundantly; Philip is conspicuously one of those who through their

fidelity to Christ's mission have that life of the soul in Christ which alone can content the spirit, and have it most abundantly. But Grace does not destroy native character; Grace merely elevates and perfects it. Even after Pentecost, Philip became no flaming torch of heroic enthusiasm. He remained true to his innate character, a prosaic, plodding, methodical, practical man, no impetuous enthusiast, though the man's soul was aflame with personal love for Christ, but the average man instinct with a high purpose and alive with it; he was, in short, the kind of person who gets things done.



Acts of God

REALITIES UNDER APPEARANCES

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

IN OLDEN times men were much more conscious of the supernatural than they are today. Then they lived in the presence of God; they spoke and acted while ever mindful of the all-seeing Eye that took note of him who dealt deceitfully with his neighbor or wrought wickedly with his hands. In this way they carried on business, and honesty was guaranteed when the transaction was done "before Him in Whose presence I stand." God had a place in the world He had created, and His Presence was acknowledged not only as something becoming, but as a matter of right. They also had the wit to see that the God Who made the world was capable of ruling it wisely.

Nor was this the subservience of superstition anxious to merit a continuation of good things from a placated Divinity, as the irreligious would have us believe. The ancients saw that good and evil things come alike to the just and the unjust, and they felt no resentment toward Him Who ordained it so. They even beheld the just man overwhelmed with miseries without rising up to question God's right to allow events to take such a course. Themselves stripped of all things, and conscious of no evil-doing that could merit such treatment, they sat with resig-

nation in the midst of every temporal misfortune and blessed Him Who had taken away every human support and comfort.

JOB is one of the many who in similar circumstances gave tribute to God's sovereignty and His wisdom by blessing Him equally for the things that He gave and the things that He took away. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: as it hath pleased the Lord, so it is done: blessed be the Name of the Lord." (Job 1:21.) Ignorant they were, indeed, of many things, but there was a "wholeness" to their view of God and His workings that excluded the craven spirit of superstitious worship.

It is rather against modern piety, if it can be called such, that we can bring the charge of superstition. Loud and verbose are the prayers that are directed by well-fed, comfortable people to the God Who giveth good things. They speak in the grand manner and, approvingly, of the beneficent Providence that scatters blessings with a liberal hand. He alone is their God. They have demanded that His messengers bring only gifts, that His prophets an-

nounce only prosperity and peace. It is to such narrow views of God that superstition owes its rise and increase. Thus, there are many gods to which the modern world attributes the adverse and painful things of life — hard, stony gods that see not the miseries of their devotees, that hear not their suppliant cries, and that have no feeling for the burdened ones of humanity. They bear such names as Misfortune, Bad Luck, Accident. This last is the idol to which the moderns most commonly attribute its pain, its agony, its despair — before which they kneel in that hopeless attitude which asks, expects and receives no help or consolation.

YET there has been preserved an expression of an older day when piety was something based on a rational concept of God and man's duties to Him. Strange to say, this surviving relic of more pious days is preserved in the rigid, clear-cut language of the law. In those books which require exactness in words and phrases in order to determine with strict justice rights and duties, privileges and penalties, the word "accident" has no proper place. All sudden, unforeseen events are called "Acts of God," and this, be it noted, is used to designate the unfoward, the

calamitous events in life. The enlightened piety of a former age knew that God was the Owner of the World and that He could do with it as it pleased Him. They knew, too, that it was not His pleasure, nay, it was impossible for Him to act through caprice or be moved by whims. They believed that every Act of God was motivated primarily with a view to His own glory and secondarily by desire for the salvation of man.

ACTS of God appeared sudden and unforeseen to the creature that lived from moment to moment and was incapable of seeing beyond; but, nevertheless, devout minds were serenely certain that His Acts could never contradict the perfection of His nature. They would never have worshipped at the shrine of Accident—that blind, blundering modern deity who is ignorantly cruel in act and powerless to avert or amend the consequences. They accepted everything in life with equanimity of spirit and looked upon the sudden disturbance of their tranquillity and prosperity, not as accidents, but as Acts of a wise and loving God. They confessed, "We know that to them that love God, all things work together unto good, to such as, according to His purpose, are called to be saints." (Rom. 8:28.) In this faith, they lived and they walked in secure ways and they came safely to the expected reward. "And though in the sight of men, they suffered torments, their hope is full of immortality. Afflicted in few things, in many they shall be well rewarded: because God hath tried them and found them worthy of Himself. . . . He hath received them and in time there shall be respect had to them. They that trust in Him, shall understand the truth." (Wis. 3.) They may not have understood the immediate purpose intended by God in withdrawing His temporal gifts, but by patient submission and long-suffering endurance they at last came to see that their trust was not in vain; that it has earned for them an understanding of the secret ways of God by which He has glorified Himself and provided for the eternal welfare of His creatures.

This truth is commonly understood by the devout in all the misfortunes of life, especially when they have been prepared for them by days and weeks of fearful expectation. With aching hearts they bow to the Will

of God, and then seek the comfort that abounds in the simple consideration of the sufferings and sorrows of Jesus in His Passion. But many are not so easily brought to resignation and peace. For the most part they are those upon whom trial has come suddenly, who were not prepared when death quickly snatched away a loved one; who abounded in health yesterday and are today faced with a long sickness; who saw the sun rise in the morning and are blind to the beauty of sunset; who thrilled to all the emotions born of harmonious music, but who now dwell in the stillness of unbroken silence. These are tempted to blame the great god Accident, to think of the thousand and one ways their trial might have been averted, to waste time in futile wishes that their affliction might have taken some other form. Because of their complaints they never attain peace, and they increase the unhappiness of their lot by driving from them those who are compassionate and desire to be helpful. Human sympathy is quickly exhausted, and they are left to suffer alone. Usually such sufferers bear the heaviest crosses and are bewildered by the very suddenness with which they come upon them. But, even for such, there is deep and lasting comfort to be derived from the Passion of Christ.

True, there was nothing sudden or unexpected in the sufferings of Christ. He had foretold them through His prophets centuries before; they were present to His mind during life. Yet for the comfort of these souls He has allowed some of them to have all the appearance of being accidental. The most notable of these was the Crowning with Thorns. Pilate had only condemned Jesus to be scourged, but from his previous questioning, the soldiers gathered the impression that Jesus claimed to be a king. This appeared to them as an absurd pretention in one so friendless and so meek under injury. And they set about giving Him a mock coronation after the Scourging. Contemplating this outrage on a silent suffering Man, we feel ashamed of the humanity that makes us kin with those soldiers. It was barbarous in the extreme to take that poor Victim of their brutal stripes, and press a crown of long sharp thorns into His head. It was a more fiendish thing to take Him then and put upon Him those ridiculous insignia of royalty—the cloak

and the sceptre—and subject Him to their coarse and cruel ridicule.

Yet, is it not here that the devout soul sees with the eye of faith the true royalty of Jesus Christ? How much of the appeal of the Passion would be missing without this scene? It tears at the heart—this poor, forlorn, friendless figure of Jesus Christ, suffering so much while subjected to such treatment. Hearts that might never have acknowledged His own claim to kingship over them, feel compelled to make a loving reality out of what these men made a brutal mockery and a shameful travesty. The ceremony of His degradation that seemed to come about by accident has marked for many the moment when they submitted with whole mind and heart to His sceptre. They have abdicated all rule over themselves in favor of this thorn-crowned King, and they have stood steadfast by His throne, never again submitting to the tyranny of those passions that formerly reigned over them. There was no accident there in the Praetorium but an Act of God by which He allowed these soldiers with their crude humor to make of His Son that forsaken and pitiable King Who wins and holds sway over countless hearts.

Neither was it an accident when Pilate wrote the title setting forth the cause of His death—"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." And it was written in Hebrew, in Greek and in Latin. Then the chief priests of the Jews said to Pilate: "Write not the King of the Jews; but that He said: I am the King of the Jews." They would correct the error but Pilate, till then so cowardly, declared with emphasis, "What I have written, I have written." It was the truth. Jesus died not because He said He was the King of the Jews. Rather it was the King of the Jews Who died that day on the cross. It was no error, no accident, but an Act of God proclaiming His Son to be the true King of that perverse nation.

AGAIN, "... the Jews ... that the bodies might not remain upon the cross on the Sabbath day ... besought Pilate that their legs might be broken and that they might be taken away." Having murdered the Lord of Life, they set about the observance of a holy day. This last indignity on the person of Jesus was frustrated, for He was already dead. But the soldier pierced His Side with

a lance. What reason He had for doing so is difficult to see, for St. John expressly tells us, "They saw that He was already dead." But reason or no reason two prophecies were fulfilled: "Not a bone of Him shall be broken," and "they shall look upon Me Whom they have pierced." From that open side came forth His Church, the water of Baptism, the Blood of the Eucharist. And all this seems to be an accident, or at most, the last thrust of a satisfied hate. So the crosses of life appear to be accidents, or to come from human hatred and ill-will, yet it is impossible to say what good God will ultimately effect in our souls by our acceptance of them.

DURING a storm sailors of the ship on which the prophet Jonas was fleeing from his duty of preaching cast lots to see why this evil came upon them, "and the lot fell upon Jonas." What has more of the elements of an accident? He was thrown into the sea, was swallowed by a great fish and cast upon the land after three days and three nights. Thus he prefigured in his own person the Death and the Resurrection of Christ. And it was the one prophecy that Jesus emphasized as a proof of His mission: "So shall the Son of Man be in the heart of the earth three days and three nights." (MATT. 12:40.) There are no accidents with God. All is known to Him, and all is willed or allowed by Him. The wounded soldier Ignatius was by the very tedium of convalescence led to read the Lives of the Saints. He was by that reading led farther and became a saint himself.

Quite by accident, it would seem, John Gualbert met his enemy one Good Friday, and went from the encounter not the victor over a fallen foe, but a victor over his own passions and by further combats a glorious saint. What is more common and less spiritual, more indicative of a life to be spent in futile vanity and less likely to show signs of high sanctity than a young girl complacently and proudly admiring herself before a mirror. Thus one day stood a Spanish girl, Catherine Sandoval. So full of vanity was she at that moment that she said to herself, "I will never marry anyone less than a king." Quite by accident, it would seem, her eyes fell upon a silver crucifix. She took in the whole pathetic figure, and stopped at the

title over the thorn-crowned Head, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Vanity was forgotten as she went down on her knees, for she had found her King. Then and there she chose Him as the only Spouse of her soul. Later she joined St. Teresa and as Catherine of Jesus, she led the holy life of the first Carmelites. If grace comes in such abundance from what appear to be such trivial accidents, what undiscovered treasures has God hidden in those great calamities of life which afflict the body and desolate the heart. To whom shall we liken those who suffer them?

Let a true story serve as a parable for all. "There were also two other malefactors led with Him to be put to death." They walked the same road with Him; they bore the same instrument of death; they hung together in the same agony and shame. Quite by accident, it would seem. One spent the time in begging Jesus to be delivered from his sufferings. "If Thou be the Christ, save Thyself and us"; and in blaspheming when He didn't. The other rebuked him, tried to arouse in him some fear of God, endeavored to make him see the justice of their punishment and the innocence of Christ. Having performed this office of charity toward his fellow-sufferer, He turned to Jesus and uttered one of the most admirable prayers in the entire

Scriptures — a perfect blend of humility, confidence and faith — "Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom." And the answer came, prompt and emphatic, "Amen I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in paradise." (LUKE 23:29-43.) It was spoken to a man who saw nothing accidental in the sentence imposed upon him or in the sufferings he endured, but rather an Act of the merciful God by which he became a companion of Christ in His sufferings and was thereby brought close to Christ at the moment of His greatest love and mercy.

SO ALL sufferings in life, whether accidental or are actually inflicted by the malice of men, bring us close to the Crucified; they set us side by side with Him. We then have our choice. We can be the rebellious, complaining, blaspheming sufferer who, blind to everything but his own pains, saw not the patience of Christ, and missed, saddest of all fates, the supreme moment of grace; or we can become like that other—the good thief—who accepted his lot, tried to bring his fellow-sufferer to accept his in the spirit of humility and sorrow for his sins and who, out of the wreck and ruin of his life, spoke those words that won for him from the Savior and Judge the gift of salvation.

Crux Sempiterna

By RICHARD LINN EDSALL

IIGHTLY as though I soared along a gale,
I raced through summer woodlands, unrestrained,
until I came to a steep hill, ingrained
with granite, where the trees and flowers fail.
A Cross, so towering that the oaks grew frail,
spread out its arms above, and on it reigned
a Man, His face alight though it was stained
with blood, and underneath was drawn and pale.
There, robed in bitterness and fed with grief,
and given the robbers' gallows for a throne,
the King of Love was lifted high in air.
Beauty below dies with the autumn leaf,
and the gaunt Sufferer Who abides alone
bids me to come and learn of gladness there.

At the Cross Roads

VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

By F. J. SHEED

THE non-Catholic world is a wild and whirling thing. The non-speaking Catholic cannot so much as begin to realize its manifold diversity; and even the Evidence Guildsman—exposed by the nature of his calling to be heckled by all and sundry—does not realize it in all its detail, partly because many religions—Christian Science, for example, Theosophy, Spiritualism and the Salvation Army—do not heckle; partly because the map of Protestantism is so continually changing its boundaries.

All sorts of beliefs go to swell the tornado let loose by Martin Luther. Thus there are the countless individual bees that hive in occasional bonnets which have nothing in common one with another, save that their advocates are never noticeably reticent. One remembers, for instance, a stout man who held that English was the language spoken in Heaven; and the very dirty little man who boasted joyously in season and out of season—that is, at his own meeting and at ours—that he could not go to hell if he tried; and the man—he had a very shrill voice—who thought he was God; and, strangest of all, the mournful man who believed that he was the “whosoever” so frequently referred to in the Bible and who seemed always a little dazed at the number and variety of the references.

A shade more important, though not more interesting, than these are the scores of smaller religions, some of them with fascinating names, like the “Pillars of Fire,” whose tenets include the unrestricted growing of hair, and much else that I never discovered; and the “Gentlemen of God,” a society which had only three members and refused to receive converts; some interesting in themselves, if not so strikingly named, as, for example, the “Dunkards,” who believe that the washing of the feet is a sacrament; and there is another body who treasure St. Paul’s adjuration to “salute one another with a holy kiss.” We never learnt their name, but they might easily enough call themselves the Holy Kissers.

One may well group with these the

hosts of strange sects who choose a text of Scripture and interpret it, sometimes in the most broadly figurative way, sometimes with deadly literalness, but always with a hearty disregard of all the rest of Scripture. One recalls a body who held that when Our Lord spoke of two or three being gathered together, he meant two or three, and not four or five; but one suspected them somehow of making a virtue of necessity.

But these religions spring into being, and spring out of being again, with such bewildering swiftness, and even during their brief existence contradict each other and themselves so recklessly that to study them would lead us nowhere; and in trying to give a general impression of the non-Catholic world which surrounds us, it seems better to consider first its attitude to our Faith, then three or four broad lines of thought to which all the rest are more or less nearly related.

Its attitude to Catholicism is a compound of blank ignorance, bright perversion, and solid hostility. The ignorance varies with the individual. Sometimes it is only part of a comprehensive ignorance of all things. One feels that a man who says that Galilee was the sea that Peter walked on, or that we call Protestants “errorotics” because they are in error, is suffering rather from a generally neglected education than merely from a particular want of knowledge of Catholicism. Sometimes, however, the ignorance is found in men who in other things are not uninstructed. The man who wished to know why Catholics say the “Our Father” instead of the “Lord’s Prayer” was not, as his question might seem to suggest, an idiot; and his brother-in-ignorance who thought it wrong for women to confess their sins to priests, and men to nuns, had read quite widely. So it is with the common belief that forgiveness has to be paid for; that the Pope’s infallibility means that he cannot sin; that a 300 days’ indulgence is

a permit to commit whatever sins one pleases for 300 days; all may co-exist with a very high standard of general knowledge.

What I have called the bright perversions of Catholic doctrine from the most interesting part of our work, since they are often exceedingly ingenious, and one always discovers a mangled piece of Catholic doctrine at their core. Thus the world-wide phrase, “Eve ate the apple, we get the pain” is a very near statement of the doctrine of original sin as seen by an outsider.

Again, the perfectly true statement that Christmas day falls on the same date as an old pagan festival may, by a skilled heckler, be made to sound altogether overwhelming; in the phrase “Adam was never baptized,” there is a certain stark simplicity, if not a great deal of meaning; and all must surely admire the symmetry of the objection to the institution of Peter’s pence—“Peter was told to feed the sheep, but now it seems that the sheep must feed Peter.”

To many readers it must seem that this article is no more than a stringing together of questions; but disjointed as it may seem, it has a moral, The Guild speaker must be able to answer these and scores of similar questions. But rightly considered, with the single exception of skill in public speaking, the needs of the Guildsman are no different from the needs of any other Catholic; for while the Guildsman meets outsiders, as it were, in the mass, every Catholic meets them individually and has priceless opportunities of solving their difficulties.

HERE it seems fit to utter a warning. It is, of course, unpardonable to say that Protestants are “bigoted” or “stupid”; it is almost as bad to think it. A man is not stupid if he does not know what he has no means of discovering; he is not bigoted for hating a Church which he honestly thinks worthy of hate. Thus, we may be a little staggered at being asked why the Catholic Church has not canonized General Booth, or who canonized St. Vitus; but to dismiss the question impatiently is

surely folly. And, if occasionally we are infuriated by some non-Catholic reference to the Blessed Eucharist—and those who have not done the work can have no conception how ghastly such references may be—we must remember that the assailant is attacking the doctrine as it has been represented to him. One might almost say that, given the picture of the Church that is in the mind of most non-Catholics, it is their duty to hate her. In short, there is much ignorance and much misunderstanding, but not a great deal of dishonesty or malice; and if the non-Catholic shapes his attitude to the Church by his honest belief, the fault is not in him but in those who are responsible for his holding that belief.

To the question, who is responsible, there can be only one answer. We Catholics know the truth which would remedy both the ignorance and the misunderstanding; and, so far as we are doing nothing to communicate the remedy, we are responsible for the continuance of the disease. Therefore, when sometimes we are tempted to lose patience with Protestants, we might profitably ask ourselves what single thing we have ever in our life done to remove any Protestant error about the Church. Then we might set about remedying our own ignorance of the Protestant's real needs, to the end that no enquirer should be turned away from us empty handed. And as a start, when we have finished smiling at the folly of some of the questions quoted in this article, it might be good practice to see how they ought to be answered.

SO FAR I have treated only some of the oddities of religious belief that help to brighten the Guild speaker's life. But these, though by far the most interesting, do not represent anything like a majority, are indeed regarded by the mass of the crowd with sheer amusement, and the normal listener is either a Bible Christian of some sort, or an atheist, or, far more frequently, simply not interested in religion at all.

The first two classes may be dismissed in very short space. The real Bible Christian is almost extinct: the occasional "text" that still lurks in the heckler's memory often enough turns out to be a line of a hymn. But even the profession of belief in the Scriptures is rare; for the sneer of the rationalist has done

what persecution could never do, and apart from courts of justice the Bible holds no place in Protestant life.

But if Bible students are few atheists who know the arguments for atheism—which involves knowing the arguments for the existence of God—are still fewer. For the most part our crowd atheists are decent fellows of very limited reading. To a Catholic the atheist occasionally appears a man of very wide learning; in the course of one conversation he can refer to classical mythology, Old Testament episodes, codes of law, facts of science and history, archaeological discovery—and even if he cannot pronounce all the names, it would still be remarkable that one man should have acquired so varied and apparently detailed mass of knowledge.

The explanation, however, is simple. The average atheist has one authority—Ingersoll; and of all those spheres of learning on which he touches so surely—one might even say so cock-surely—he has no more knowledge than what he has gained from unconnected allusions in the pages of that writer. As a consequence, the shortest cross-examination on any one subject soon has him in a helpless muddle, getting his dates in history wrong by centuries and confusing the facts about one man with the legends about another in the weirdest way.

As a further consequence, their line of attack is soon mastered: supposed resemblances in other religions, supposed contradictions in the Bible, the bad lives of Christians, the stories of Jonah and the whale, Adam and Eve and the serpent, Noah's ark, the six days of creation—these things come up again and again. But of an intelligent and reasoned atheist position we meet nothing.

There is, however, one thing that marks out nearly all our atheist hecklers—an incredible degree of arrogance, as though they had given up humility along with belief in God. The very cant-words they use—the word *free-thinker* and the word *enlightenment* carry an assurance of superiority that is a little difficult to understand. For the difference between us and the so-called free-thinker is a difference, not of process, but of result. He has not used some nobler mode of thought to which those who believe in God are strangers. He and we have approached the problem of

God's existence, and have considered it by the light of reason. He has no secret of thought denied to us; but whereas we have arrived at one answer, he has arrived at another, and in all this he has thought no more freely than we. And, similarly, *enlightenment* lies not in what you think but in why you think it; and five minutes' conversation with the ordinary atheist is sufficient to show how little enlightenment is there.

BEFORE speaking of the third class, a word must be said as to the necessity of getting the exact angle of the outsider's position, for this is a matter which presents peculiar difficulty to a Catholic. Concerning many Catholic doctrines, the outsider has certain obvious objections, which disappear as soon as he hears the doctrine clearly explained, but in nearly every case there is, in addition, a certain core of difficulty far harder to shift and not always realized by Catholics. Thus, most Protestants feel that the Catholic devotion to saints in some way detracts from the honor due to God; and this feeling may be readily removed by pointing out that we are simply paying to men great in religion the honor paid by all to men great in other spheres. But though this meets the first objection, it leaves another, for whereas we are all interested in the heroic dead, we do not think of the heroic dead as being interested in us, and this is precisely what we *do* think of the saints.

A similar necessity of grasping the exact difficulty may be found in almost every point of contact with the Protestant mind, and in nothing more than in the question of Indifferentism. For we Catholics are too apt to think of the Indifferentist as one who holds that one religion is as good as another, a position which a child could smash. In fact, he goes much further, and if he does not actually believe that one religion is as *bad* as another, he does believe that no religion matters: and failure to realize this causes us to waste much time in attacking a position which nobody holds.

And a still graver mistake about Indifferentism is to think it matters two straws. I did in fact once meet a man who asseverated that "one religion was as good as another, and a dashed sight better"—but he was not sober, and for the most part it is not Indifferentism that reigns here,

but Indifference; not the conclusion that religion does not matter, but the utter refusal to think about religion at all. The indifference may be troubled by occasional uneasiness, manifested outwardly by aggressive claims to be as good as the people who do go to church, or aggressive statements that Christianity has done nothing for the world, but most often it is altogether placid, and the main work of the Guild is to ruffle this placidity, without stirring religious strife.

Which is not at all easy; for religious discussion usually means bad temper, abuse, appeals to emotion, everything, in short, except discussion of religion. There is no tradition of calm reasoning about religion. Even in Catholics there has been a greater readiness to defend the Faith (in which work some heat is excusable) than to explain it (in which heat is altogether out of place), while outside the Church no man ever seems to be expected to give reasons for believing, or disbelieving or being indifferent. He simply "feels like it," and all the others who feel like it too, agree with him, while those who do not, throw stones.

In practically every case, a man's views are decided either by sentiment or by sheer laziness, and it is difficult to say which is the harder to remove. Certainly neither can be removed by mere proof: we must actually make the man in the crowd *desire* religion and then show him that our Faith can meet his desire.

THE cause of this indifference to religion is not easy to trace, but its oddity is sufficiently obvious. Those who have made a habit of reading comic papers must often have seen the picture of a man walking rapidly, but looking back over his shoulder, and therefore not seeing the hole which gapes immediately in his path. The picture has (one imagines) long outlived its usefulness as a joke but it may still serve fitly enough as a symbol of the present generation, which certainly is not looking where it is going. For everyone is concerned about Evolution and no one is concerned about the next world. Which means that men want to know where the race came from, but do not want to know where it is going; which must surely be the last point of folly. For whether our ancestors had or had not tails may be a very interesting question, but

can scarcely be said to matter to us now, whereas the life after death—!

In fact the attitude towards death may be taken as sufficiently representative of the difference between the Catholic and the non-Catholic—or perhaps one should say between the Christian and the non-Christian. A Catholic finds it hard to treat as a reasonable being, one who makes no preparation for the death which must surely come, and it is true to say that the average man makes more preparation for spending a week end at the seaside than for spending eternity—who knows where? Again, it is only to the Christian that death is associated with hope. The Indifferentist may be said to hope for the best, but it is rather a wish than a hope, and the atheist hopes for nothing, but awaits the end. One has indeed noticed with some interest a sort of convention—almost a religious observance—among atheists of boasting that they are going "to die like a dog" — and they say it gloatingly, as though it did them good to say it—and superiorly, as though dying like a dog were a much finer thing than dying like a Christian—and determinedly, as though it kept up their courage. At any rate, the phrase recurs as frequently as the response in a litany.

But that is by the way. The essential point is that we must show how infinitely richer and truer to the facts of human nature is the Catholic attitude; then and only then can we profitably proceed to prove that as well as being the most attractive view, it is also true. And this is the mode of approach to the non-Catholic mind, not only on the question of death, but on the whole of our faith.

In all this it may be wondered that nothing has been said of the general crowd attitude to Christ, Our Lord. But indeed it passes the wit of man to discover what the modern man thinks of Christ. We know something of what he thinks of Our Lady; in some cases there is an almost diabolic hatred, more often he thinks of her as one to whom Catholics pay too much honor. He does not know how much honor ought to be paid her; he pays her, apparently, no honor himself, but at least to that slight extent, he does think of her. But of her Son he makes no mention.

A good deal has been said thus far concerning the attitude of non-Catholics towards the Faith, but if

the world is peering in at the church, those within are looking out on the world, and their way of looking is more varied than the non-Catholic realizes. But for all the variety, one thing marks almost all Catholics—a complete absence of bigotry. One remembers here and there a Catholic, always a very ignorant one, who was scandalized at the suggestion that Protestants might go to Heaven, and in general appeared to think that Protestants and cannibals were very much the same thing; but ordinarily the Catholic regards other people's religion as very much their own business.

THIS very definite tolerance is occasionally obscured by his extreme sensitiveness to anything in the nature of an attack on his own faith; but in the very quality of his sensitiveness, even when it is most unreasonable, there is something distinctively Catholic. So obviously is it motivated by a feeling, not of personal affront, but of indignation at a sacred thing profaned, that what is little more than a squabble gains something of the dignity of a crusade.

But apart from this combination of easy tolerance and quick resentment there sometimes appear other things less to be commended. The "broad-minded" Catholic, for instance, is a very severe trial to the temper. Attached to the church by some mysterious chain which is stronger than his worse self, he aims at producing the impression that he is altogether superior to it, and now criticizing, now patronizing, he leaves it uncertain whether he is the tail of the hare or the nose of the hound.

Less offensive than this "broad-mindedness" but far more dangerous and distressingly frequent is the pleased surprise displayed by many of our co-religionists when they discover that objections to the Faith can actually be answered. Apparently they have always been under the impression that Catholics had the Faith but their enemies had the arguments—as though, in fact, the virtue of faith consisted in shutting one's eyes and hanging on. One has heard this attitude praised as simple trust in God's church, but in so far as it is based on the notion that Catholic teaching is altogether divorced from the reason of things (and that to be a Catholic one must be able to swallow anything), it is fundamentally mischievous.

There is still another attitude far more common, and a notable hindrance to the spread of Catholicism—a kind of gratitude at being tolerated. Non-Catholics, we are told, now leave the Church alone, and therefore, apparently we should be altogether paralyzed with gratitude and have as little as possible to say for ourselves—as though it were a splendid thing not to be kicked.

SIMILARLY, Catholics often urge, with tears in their voices, that we should do nothing to bring odium on the Church. And certainly one does not wish to do so. But if the only way to avoid odium is to avoid notice, if we can prevent people from thinking ill of the Church only by preventing them from thinking of her altogether—then odium it must be; and there is always the consolation that the Church is never likely to be as unpopular as her Founder. Certainly we must avoid every action which would *justify* the world in its hostility, but there are limits beyond which we cannot go. As in ordinary life, however anxious I may be not to give offence, if any man takes offence from the simple fact that I exist, I am forced to write him down as an abnormally thin-skinned person and proceed to trample on his feelings by going on living. Similarly, any man may resent my meddling with *his* business, but if he objects to my carrying on my own, I cannot help him. It is precisely the Church's existence and her continuing to teach that arouses the world's hostility, and we must simply reconcile ourselves to it. We cannot forego our rights merely because there are those who do not like us.

And in any case, it is not simply a question of rights, but of duty. No one, I suppose, thinks of conversion as a means of adding to the power of the church; and one hears of converts, not with jubilation because the church has gained a member, but with joy because a soul has gained the church. We think of the conversion of America not as a gain to the church but as a gain to America itself. Every Catholic whose religion is not a farce knows that the effort to live decently without the sacraments would be too great. So far every effort at reform in America's life has been a necessarily hopeless effort to make people who have not the sacraments live as though they had, and it follows that the conver-

sion of America is a work not only of religion but of the most practical patriotism.

To return, then, to the main point, if the Church did not so openly assert her divine mission she would cease to be unpopular, but at the price of ceasing to be Catholic, and she cannot lower her banners merely because they are, to so many, like a red rag to a bull.

The attitude of the Catholic who is grateful for being tolerated which we have discussed at perhaps too great length, betrays a view of the Church's position oddly out of relation to the facts, as also does its exact opposite—the exaggerated defiance with which the Catholic occasionally wears his religion. Diffidence and defiance alike suggest that the Catholic feels himself one of a small and not very important body, lingering on the very edge of things and, according to his temperament, either grateful to the mighty ones of the earth for not pushing him off it altogether, or heroically ready to go down fighting in a hopeless cause; whereas, in fact, the position is exactly the reverse. Twenty or thirty years ago men wrote of the Church as a picturesque piece of history, to-day they are either joining her ranks or explaining at great length why they do not. And this, in itself, is an interesting phenomenon, since no man ever bothers to explain why he is not a Baptist or to give reasons against joining the Mohammedans.

THIS means that the Church is again, and at a bound, in the very center of the religious life of mankind. The world returned from kicking Catholicism down the front steps to find it enthroned in the drawing-room. So that the Church is not a forlorn hope, but a body known, by friend and foe alike, as the one stable thing to which all things else have their relation, whether of friendship or hostility, and its members may well wear their religion, neither with diffidence nor with defiance, but proudly.

This central position of Catholicism is well enough realized by outsiders, and this brings us to a consideration which merits a good deal of thought. Throughout the world there are at present two great religious movements—the break-up of the non-Catholic bodies and a great rush of converts to the Church.

In America there is the first, but

not the second. In England, of those who abandon Protestantism a large number join the Church: in America they do not. And the reason is simple. They do not become Catholics because they have literally no way of learning what Catholicism is. Even a man who feels somewhat inclined in the right direction is in a difficult position. He might visit one of our churches, but as far as instruction goes he would probably gain nothing; since the sermon is for those who already have the Faith. And where else can he go? It is no use saying he can consult a priest. You might as well ask him to consult a devil, so strong is the prejudice against priests. And if the man who has begun to be interested is in a difficult position, the thousands on thousands, to whom the thought of joining the Church has not so much as occurred, are even more hopelessly placed. There is not so much as a finger-post to suggest Rome as a possible destination.

THE conversion of a country—which primarily means giving every non-Catholic an interest in the Church and the means of satisfying it—is very largely a work for the laity. Even now the non-Catholic approaches his Catholic friend with questions, and normally one of three things happens—the Catholic either treats the inquirer as though he were the last straw, or tells him to ask a priest, or occasionally gives him an answer, which is all too frequently the wrong answer. For it would be mere foolishness to pretend that the Catholic laity is well instructed. For most of us, all connection with the teaching Church ceases when we leave school.

The immediate duty of the laity, then, is to fit themselves for the work that cannot be shelved.

In all this I have, of set purpose, refrained from all discussion of the spiritual preparation of the Catholic layman for the work that he must do. Readers of this paper do not need to be told that the very life-blood of all work for the Faith must be the Blessed Sacrament; and that the conversion of their country must be prayed for if it is successfully to be worked for. Given these things—a Catholic laity, every member of which knew his Faith well enough to explain it, on or off the platform, would be irresistible.

(The End.)

Agoniae Christi

THE MENTAL SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST

By BURTON CONFREY

TO ENCOURAGE freshmen on college level to meditate on the subject announced in the title of this article, we have them begin by getting a copy of Cardinal Newman's sermon on the same subject (Eucharistic Press, Notre Dame, Indiana, \$4.00 a hundred). Anyone who wishes to encourage the growth of an inner life and to nourish the life of the spirit must use mental prayer; and so long as it is properly directed, contemplation of passages from the story of Our Lord's life with the idea of making ourselves more conscious of what Atonement means may be sug-

gested without the feeling that such a scrutiny of matter fit only for adoration is presumptuous.

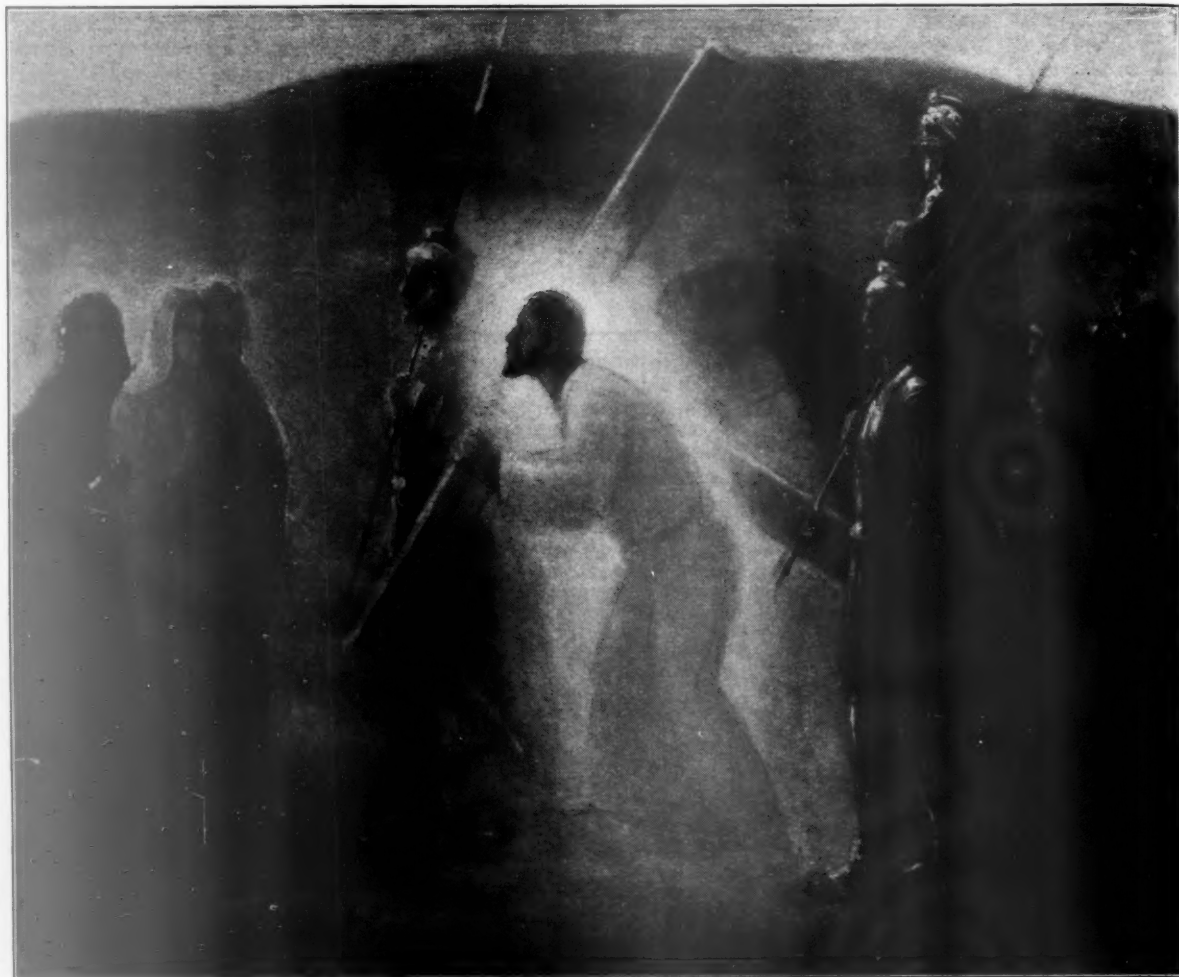
If young men can be trained to

THE illustrations in this article are from paintings by the distinguished American artist, Mr. Henry Hammond Ahl, in Blessed Sacrament Church, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Blessed Sacrament and St. Michael's Churches in Providence. Photographs were kindly furnished by the Copley Prints of Boston.

dwell daily on the Way of the Cross and at the appropriate times on the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary, the Christian Ideal becomes the more tangible; the more possible is it to assimilate its principles; the more likely is it to affect conduct. For that reason, the student proceeds to read Newman's sermon, stopping immediately every time he gets an idea. By jotting his thought in the margin of his pamphlet or on cards (each idea a separate card, appropriately headed to aid later assortment), he can know exactly what his reaction to Newman's thought is. (Not unimportant would be the discovery



THE BODY OF CHRIST IS LAID IN THE TOMB



VIA DOLOROSA—CHRIST CARRYING HIS CROSS

that he had no thoughts.) Later he may group his cards by subject and arrange groups in logical order. It is then easy to write a paper, if he cares to.

This type of paper results:

When most people think of the sufferings of Christ they think only of His physical trials. But His crown of thorns, His bitter thirst, and His crucifixion were as nothing compared to His intense mental sufferings in His Passion.

When God condescended to dwell among men He took on our soul as well as our human body of flesh and nerves; and His redemption of us included superhuman suffering of soul as well as of body. Jesus took upon Himself the nature which

causes our fall in order to show us how to suffer against the will of the flesh and serve God perfectly. A consciousness of this fact is a great help in keeping free from temptation and in strengthening our natures in order to keep us free from sin.

Some one might say that Jesus could not know the trials and uncertainties of a human soul because of His innocence and His knowledge of this short time upon earth and of the Heavenly bliss awaiting Him; but in His Passion Our Lord threw off all these helps and bade the sins of the world come and rest on His soul. In that moment He knew all of the sin and misery of the world since Adam and Eve. It seemed that he would not be able to bear it,

and only because of His Divinity was He able to stand up under the tremendous load. When therefore, we think of what Christ did for us we should remember that He suffered much more than physical trials. Only meditation will help us realize how much more.

This is an entirely different point of view of Our Lord's Passion from what one is accustomed to read or hear. From frequent attendance at church the majority of Catholics know what treatment was accorded to Our Lord in His Passion, but few ever happen to think for a moment what His mental sufferings must have been.

Cardinal Newman explains the mental sufferings of Our Lord so clearly that when one is read-

ing the sermon he can easily see that in this innocent and sinless soul Our Lord experienced all the sufferings which would affect one of us if we were in the place of Jesus Christ. This view of the Passion causes us to take more interest in the teachings of Our Lord, for we come to realize more definitely that Our Lord was human just as one of us is.

This insight into Our Lord's sufferings has caused the Passion of Our Lord to mount a pedestal of immeasurable importance in my mind. I have always known that the sufferings of Our Lord must have been almost unbearable; but I never realized to what extent His mind was tried until I read Cardinal Newman's vivid description of Our Lord's mental agony, the outcome of the torment to which

he was subjected throughout His Crucifixion.

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To make clear how a reader annotates as he proceeds we might well indent his reactions and include reference to the page number of the pamphlet so that if any one cared to read the text in connection with the thought it stimulated in the annotator he may do so.

Newman raises the question: How would Christ have sanctified our nature if He had not taken a nature identical with ours in its inclusion of body and soul?

Possibly if we thought more of Christ we would be able to bear our sufferings with a better disposition. When crosses weigh heavily upon me, what consolation is mine to remember that Jesus as Man also suffered as I do. Therefore He understands and will help me. (Page 4.)

Continuing Newman's argument: the Crucifix embodies and focusses the bodily sufferings of Christ, and meditation upon these facts (made tangible by the Stations of the Cross) is not difficult. But suffering of the soul, which anticipated His flesh pains, can neither be depicted for us in line or color nor even thoroughly investigated. "My soul is sorrowful unto death" epitomizes the experience, but only through deep and continued contemplation can we suspect its meaning.

If I wish my heart to have a longing for Jesus, or a desire of loving Him as perfectly as I am able, I will have to think of Jesus often in my heart because He will not be present to help me in the hour of need if I neglect Him. (Page 7.)

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What makes pain so trying for us is that we cannot keep from thinking



CHRIST CRUCIFIED BETWEEN TWO THIEVES



IN THE JUDGMENT HALL—CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

of it while we suffer it; but it is possible to forget it.

While our thoughts are on our own sufferings we cannot be thinking ill of our neighbor or giving way to temptation. I believe that this is why Jesus sends physical pains to certain souls. He wishes to keep them free from the occasion of sin and to give them a chance to earn a great deal of merit for Heaven. (Page 7.)

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Because it is possible to divert the mind from one's feeling of pain, the distracting stimuli of amusement often makes us forget it.

This is also true when we are busy with the affair of learning to love God; we do not have the same consciousness of our pains as we do when we are idle, for

Jesus diverts our minds and they do not remember our pains. Souls who are ill should love God in a most perfect way if they wish to be relieved of physical pain. (Page 8.)

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Single jabs of pain can be endured; it is the feeling that it will continue that makes it unbearable.

God must suffer in like manner when man does not give Him the love of his heart. The longer the indifference on the part of man the greater the pain. I will make a special intention every day in my prayer to atone for the pain that man (myself included) causes the heart of God. (Page 9.)

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Christ refused to drink the wine and myrrh because it would have

drugged His sensibilities. He wished to atone for the sins of the world and to escape not one iota of the satisfaction necessary. "The chalice which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?"

How different I am from Christ. Every chance is looked to for the lessening of physical pain. Jesus refused what He could have taken to dull His pain, because He wished to suffer as intensely as the physical body and intelligent mind could. Oh, how Jesus has loved me! How selfish my life is! (Page 11.)

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We cannot comprehend the keenness with which Our Lord felt the pain of His Crucifixion because we cannot imagine His singleness of purpose. He suffered the whole of His Passion in every moment of it

because He surrendered Himself to it absolutely, without distraction.

If Jesus could put this power to work in His own soul, why couldn't He put the same power in my soul? He could perhaps if I give Him my whole self at every moment of the day. The trouble with most of us is that we grow tired of the effort it takes to make ourselves love God, and we let our good intentions slip. We are not hard enough on ourselves. (Page 12.)

What a beautiful example Jesus gives me here! As His representative among the souls He created, I am commissioned to teach men to love Him. If I wish to be a purely acceptable gift I must do it the way my Jesus did, not by halves but wholeheartedly with all the zeal and vigor of my being. (Page 14.)

To work as Christ did means that I carefully prepare beforehand every lesson and follow every suggestion I may be offered in my classes. I must study the situation in order to apply remedies to possible agents that would hinder the progress of my work for the glory of God. When I do this, success is bound to come because Jesus will bless my work. (Page 14.)

My soul longs to live in perfect union with God. This, however, can never be accomplished so long as I keep part of myself for the world or give a heartless submission to the Will of God. I must freely, deliberately, and wilfully offer my soul and all its faculties to God. I must surrender my whole self as Jesus did on Calvary, then I can begin to love God perfectly. (Page 15.)

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Cardinal Newman proceeds to point out that when Christ commended His spirit into His Father's hands, He surrendered it—He did not lose it. Further, He neither sought nor had consolations in His sufferings—His sense of innocence did not relieve Him, nor did His knowledge that His sufferings would be short and their outcome joyful. But, Newman continues, the deliberateness of Christ's actions, His composure, was but proof of how entirely He governed His own mind—His inward resolu-

tion to atone for our sins, the sins of the whole world.

If we but love Jesus we can understand why sin caused Him such foul suffering because we will then understand the great malice of sin. It is lack of love for God that lets us fall into sin without any disgust with ourselves for the offense. Through the eyes of love for God we see the real picture of sin. Nothing is more hideous or more repulsive. (Page 20.)

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Some students prefer underlining, checking in the margin, or inventing original ways of indicating which thoughts mean most to them. There is, of course, no reason why one might not use a combination of methods—as the reader whose annotation we are recording does. On Page 21, Newman's pithy statements are underlined:

Sin is rebellion against God; it is a traitor's act who aims at the overthrow and death of his sovereign. . . . Sin is the mortal enemy of the All-holy. . . . If God could be less than God, it is sin that would have power to make Him so.

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The annotation is then resumed by way of a personal application of the meaning of Christ's sufferings to the reader's life.

When sorrows visit my soul, I immediately fly to creatures for help and consolation (at least I used to do so). Now I have learned to go to God alone. If He could suffer alone, I can do likewise so long as my heart is beating in union with His Sacred Heart. Jesus sent His angels away; sometimes too He leaves me without the sensible feeling of His presence. Then it is hard to keep from creatures, but Jesus rewards me for it. He loves me in return. (Page 22.)

All sins were there—at the Agony in the Garden. Yes, and I am there. How much of the intensity of the suffering I added to the burdened soul of My Lord and Master. What a fool I was not to have tried to learn to love God years ago. Time has been wasted; but the truth is at last mine. Now I must cultivate it by fidelity and real effort. (Page 25.)

Anyone who has seen Faggi's Stations of the Cross in the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle (Hyde Park, Chicago) must be impressed by the relationship of Jesus and His Mother during His Passion. Newman emphasizes it, and the reader reacts thus:

If Our Blessed Mother was such a consolation to Jesus during life, she could be a comfort and help to all of us in life if we but asked for her help. We do not get the personal attitude of Jesus and Mary fixed in our minds sufficiently. We put them far away and then they cannot be our intimate friends. Mary knows God's heart and she can best teach me how to love Him. (Page 25.)

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Newman concludes his discourse with a prayer:

O Heart of Jesus, all Love, I offer Thee these humble prayers for myself, and for all those who unite themselves with me in spirit to adore Thee. O holiest Heart of Jesus most lovely, I intend to renew and to offer to Thee these acts of adoration and these prayers, for myself a wretched sinner, and for all those who are associated in Thy adoration, through all moments while I breathe, even to the end of my life. I recommend to Thee, O my Jesus, Holy Church, Thy dear spouse, and our true Mother, all just souls and all poor sinners, the afflicted, the dying, and all mankind. Let not Thy blood be shed for them in vain. Finally, deign to apply it in relief of the souls in Purgatory, those in particular, who have practiced in the course of their life, this holy devotion of adoring Thee.

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The annotator's resolution—the outcome of his reading and thought—will best conclude this paper.

I will remember that I have helped to drive the nails into Christ's hands and feet by my sins and my infidelities; I will place a guard over my actions that this will not occur in the future. At least I will drive the nails no further, and I will do penance to atone for the suffering I have caused my loving Jesus. (Page 30.)

The Golden Woman of Magdala

A BEGGAR BEGGING FOR LOVE

By CATHAL O'BYRNE

IT WAS at the foot of a stark, bare mountain that the walled town of Magdala-Nunaya, Magdala of the Fishes, spread its streets and passageways, its terraces and arcades, its bazaars and booths over the side of a low, green hill. Brimming with light it was under its cloudless azure sky, its domes and roofs, its temples and minarets, lime-white and sun-bright against the gloom of the great bare mountain, and the greenness and darkness of its cedar groves.

The wide white highway that skirted its eastern wall had its beginning many weary leagues away under the arched gateways of Alexandria, the city beside the sea, where bronzed sailors squatted lazily in the sun beside the low sea-walls, and tall ships sailed away to far sea-sundered places, down under the blue rim of the eastern world.

Over the white road's smooth-worn, dusty surface came the great winding, slow moving caravans of oxen and asses, mules and dromedaries, laden with bales of rich merchandise, with fruits and spices, with silken fabrics and wine and balsams. Down the white hill-road between groves of dark cedar, winding and ever winding they came, in the pale green dawns, in the fierce white light of noonday, and through the red-gold dusk of the sunset hour, until they coiled themselves, like great, brown dusty snakes, around and about the outer wall of Magdala-Nunaya, the City of the Fishes, that is hard by the Lake of Tiberias.

Camel-drivers and rich Phoenician money-changers, craftsmen and thieves, workers from the vineyards and olive groves, fisherman and seafaring traders from Tyre and Macedonia, merchants from Egypt and Babylon, Roman soldiers and Ethiopian sooth-sayers, rustic maidens and dancing girls jostled one another in the streets and passageways of the city, and crowded its inns and hostelries and made yet noisier its clamorous bazaars and caravan-series. An incessant clatter and thud of hooves, and the clank of armor sounded in its streets above the turmoil, and everywhere the mules and

asses, head-teathered oxen and crouching dromedaries stared with placid eyes at the hurrying and noisy throngs.

Close by, and under the shadow of the eastern gate of Magdala-Nunaya, stood the painted house of the Golden Woman. Scarlet red was the color on that house. Red as a flame against the whiteness of the dawn it gleamed. Where the walls and domes and turrets of the city were white as snow-wreaths in a moon of winter, or a ridge of foam flung high on a green sea-wave, the house of the Golden Woman flamed against their whiteness, as the crimson flower of the desert cactus flames, scarlet and haughty and solitary, against the white shining of the shifting silver sands.

OVER its walls and above its broad balconies of wood and stone, rare frescoes and pictures and strange symbols in strange tongues were limned and graven, fruits of the dalliance through idle hours, of poets and limners, craftsmen and artists, from Egypt and Italia and Lybia, hours of waiting and striving in the hope that their craftsmanship might win for them the reward denied to what they called their love—a smile of welcome, a word of praise from the Golden Woman of Magdala.

Vain was their artistry and vain their waiting. Beautiful proud, heedless when she was weary there was no more to say. Their songs and burning words, their dreams and visions in pigment and charcoal had no further power to charm. She was tired. That was all. Their words of passion passed by her ear as the little light wind that stirred and the vine leaves about her window ledge.

She laughed. It was so easy to forget. Was there not always romance, adventure, glory of conquest beyond the low hill where the white road gleamed between the cedar groves, and the great, dark winding caravans came creeping down through the golden summer haze.

Did not her high window, set deep

in its scarlet wall, still look out over the great road, and with the break of every new day would there not come a new lover, a new conquest. A shimmer of silken robes, a gleam of white and gold, up there aloft at her lattice where she showed herself, and hearts would fall as the leaves fall when the mistral sweeps from the desert places. And, always—tomorrow—in the distance was there not hoarded the joy and the glamorous uncertainty of the unworn hours. She wearied so soon of what was won so lightly, this beautiful, bold, imperious thing, whose golden, langorous beauty was housed, like some necromancers spell of gramarye, within its scarlet casquet by the city gates of Magdala.

Fragrant and cool and blossomy was the inner courtyard of the Scarlet House, beasts of burden rested contentedly outside in its cool shade while their masters feasted and drank deep within, and tired slaves slept on the warm brown stones in the blue shadows of its eaves.

Sparrows and stares chattered and rioted about its roof, and silver clouds of swallows wheeled above the trellis of its blossoming vines in the yellow evening light. Sweet, clear water, that had tumbled and foamed through the dark mountain gorges, leaped and flashed in its fountains, and tossed high its silver tissue of spray amongst the blossomed boughs of almond and citron and myrtle trees.

On the night air, honey-sweet and breath warm, and permeated with the odor of jamine and aloes, myrrh and cypress, pomegranate and sandalwood, the swish of silken garments and the soft patter of naked feet sounded faintly through the dusky gloom, as lithe Egyptian slave-girls, in white and purple robes, filled great copper vessels at the fountain, and, poisoning them on their dark, coarse braids, hurried away through the low arched doorways where the ovens of the kitchens made a fiery glow.

UNDER a blazing cresset, beside the gnarled roots of a blossoming lemon tree, a blue-robed Assyrian woman, old and withered,

ground corn in a hand-mill, chanting as she toiled, to the dull creaking of the grinding stones, a plaintive dirge in a listless, weary monotone. Lissome Etheopian dancing girls in saffron tinted tunics grouped themselves about the fountain in the cool, purple dusk, waiting eagerly for the sign that would summon them to the perfumed warmth, the feasting and the music of the crowded guest chamber.

HIGH up, under the roof, in a wide lighted room, whose windows were open to a night of stars, the Golden Woman entertained with feasting and music and dancing, the rich Oriental merchants and travelers from Tyre and Alexandria, Egypt and Macedonia. Merchants whose slaves and camel-drivers slept on the brown stones of her courtyard and whose caravans rested in the shade of her cedars.

On a couch of woven silken cords, under a canopy of yellow silk, held aloft by crimson scarves that were draped from the ceiling through rings of bronze, the Golden Woman reclined, and the tales that had been told in every bazaar and market place, in every inn and caravanserai in every city from Jerusalem, to the sea's blue edge, tales of her marvelous beauty that was the whole world's wonder, and of the sybaritic splendor of her household, were but as the breath of a wondering wind to the proving truth of her loveliness, and barbaric extravagance of the festal hours in her Scarlet House by the Eastern Gate of Magdala.

Gold at her head, in the shimmer and sheen of her waves of hair, that, from under their circlet of dull gold inlaid with bosses of green chalcidony, flowed down in gleaming ripples over snowy fold and fold of her white robe. Gold at her feet where her little sandals of dyed purple leather were fastened with burnished clasps of gold and jade. Gold, threaded amongst the silken fringes of her girdle in the form of little bells jangled and made music with her every graceful movement.

Tall candles in golden candelabra burned dimly and shed a mellow light over the colorful and orderless profusion of the feast that was lavished and heaped and spread around over the tables and serving boards in wanton and barbaric chaos.

Wine, in gleaming copper flagons, in crystal goblets, in beaten silver bowls, in carved wooden methers

flowed and sparkled and was held high, laughingly to every lip.

On a low divan, beside the couch of the Golden Woman, lay stretched out at full length, a beautiful Greek youth, his lithe, strong limbs gleaming like chisselled marble against the silken sheen of his purple toga, and his dark, handsome head, bound with a purple fillet, resting on the heaped up cushions at her feet. A little pile of red gold rings, armlets and bracelets lay in her lap amongst the silken fringes of her girdle, his tribute of gold to her golden loveliness.

At the head of his couch an old man stood, tall, white-bearded and immobile, like a stately obelisk, his simple white robe falling in graceful folds from his shoulder to his sandals. His eyes, dark and shadowy, like the velvet heart of a sunflower, gleamed in a face that had the tint of old vellum, buried out of sight for centuries in some secret shrine. His mouth with its full red lips, lighted the pallor of his face with a splash of color, like a searing scroll of flame across an ivory mask.

"A Chaldean, a sooth-sayer and my friend," said the Greek youth laughingly answering the questioning of the Golden Woman with regard to his companion as one would the importunings of a wayward child.

The old man laid his hand on the youth's shoulder.

"Yes, I am his friend," he said, bowing low. "He saved my life from the hungry waters. It is his to order as he chooses."

The Golden Woman clapped her jeweled hands eagerly. Her little feet in their gilded sandals slipped from the couch and the heap of red-gold rings and bracelets jangled from her lap unheeded, to the floor.

"A Chaldean, a sooth-saver, and he will tell my fate," she cried.

"Yours or anothers," said the Greek youth. "It is all the same, the fate of a beautiful woman is soon told."

"A beautiful woman, that is a true word, my friend, beautiful I am, and never was beauty like to my beauty."

As if to prove the truth of her boasting she stood to her full height and raised her arms to the silken canopy above her head. As the scarf of gauze, picked out with little silver stars, fell from about her shoulders, a gasp, as of a sudden intake of breath, was heard throughout the chamber, and a hush of silence fell on the noisy revellers at all the

great wonder and marvel of her shining loveliness. "Her beauty shall be remembered forever."

As he spoke to the crowded chamber the Chaldean pointed with one long, lean finger to where the Golden Woman stood, like some beautiful graven thing, under the silken sanopy with her arms outspread.

WITH a hurried, childish movement, that set all her golden tassels a jangle, across the couch where rested the beautiful Greek youth, she stretched out little jeweled hands to the wall, white-robed figure.

"My fate, my fate, O, Chaldean!" she pleaded, "let me know what your stars know, O, Sooth-sayer!"

"Fate can be very cruel, O, Golden One, even to Beauty," said the Chaldean. "Mercy weaves the curtain behind which the Future hides."

"You have said my beauty shall be remembered forever," she said, proudly, "no fate that you can foretell can better that, O, Chaldean. Let me know all," she cried.

"All," he echoed, and his dark, brooding eyes seemed to burn inly with a hidden questioning flame.

"Yes, all, anything, everything," she cried eagerly, "I am a woman, and beautiful as you say, but I am no coward. Let me know all, for of lovers I am weary." With a languid movement she raised her arms above her head and sank back amongst her silken cushions.

"Of lovers, yes, O, Most Beautiful," said the Chaldean, "but of Love, as yet you know nothing."

"Then tell me of it, O, Sooth-sayer!" she pleaded. "When shall I know it and how? What new joy shall it bring, what gifts? Where shall I find it? Read the riddle of this great Love to me, and if it is to be found I shall find it, and hold it and welcome it as the darkness welcomes the light, as the firmament the dawn of a new day."

"Thus it shall be," said the Chaldean. As he spoke a silence fell on the gay joyousness of the place, and a little cool rivulet of sweet night air seemed to flow through the perfumed heat of the chamber. Where she sat the Golden Woman shivered and gathered her shimmering tissues closer around her as it passed her by.

"Let the lights be quenched," ordered the Chaldean, in a loud voice.

Merrily, with little puffs of breath from wine-wet lips the candles

throughout the chamber were extinguished, and when, at length, the light had died out, as by yellow star on star, through the soft, velvety darkness a shaft of blue moonlight fell through the open window and found the tall white figure of the Chaldean, where he stood by the couch of the Golden Woman.

Little blue tendrils of smoke from the smouldering candle-wicks, wavering and floating on the heavy air, seemed to wreath themselves around and about him in a blue-gray haze, through which his dark, strangely-bright eyes shone like gleaming jewels in a shadowy place. Before him stood a lighted brazier, the glowing charcoal, through its bronze filigree, glinting and sparkling like the winking eyes of some hungry forest animal.

At a sign from the Greek youth a coffer of sandalwood, with panellings of alabaster, containing sweetly burning essences, was brought into the room and placed before the Sooth-sayer. Bending over it he sprinkled upon the fire a powder of the fragrant spices, aloes and myrrh, balsam and frankincense, terebinth and spikenard, brought thither by caravans from the sea-loved cities of the Orient. From the braziers glowing charcoal shot little, quick, red flames that lighted up fitfully the shadowed faces, and a cloud of fragrant smoke rolled up from the burning sweet-herbs blue in the shadow and white in the moonlight, encircling and enfolding the ghostly white figure of the Chaldean where he stood above the crimson glare. Suddenly out of the smoke-wreaths came the voice of the Sooth-sayer.

"Love comes out of the East to the Golden Woman of Magdala."

FAR off the voice sounded, out of the moonlit space behind the blue smoke wreaths as the voice of one who calls from some high, serene altitude.

"Love, and a Greater Lover than even comes wooing,
As a beggar begging for Love from all who are weary of loving
The gauds of a wanton world. Poor and lowly and sorrowing,
Bringing the Love-Gift of Sorrow, he comes, the Magnificent Lover,
Bringing not pride of conquest nor joy at a new heart broken,
Bringing but tears and trials and travail in Love's high questing

Tears and trials and travails, yet sweeter, as Love's bright querdon,
Than treasures of rich, red gold and silver and silken raiment,
Bringing but only Love, all-suffering and soul-satisfying
He comes to the Golden Woman as the Hunter comes to the wild thing,
Snared in the Forest's ways, setting it free from bondage
Free to a life of Love that forever shall know no slaking,
He comes as a Free-man comes to the spendthrift whose bond is forfeit,
With ransom for body and soul, and Love's breast for a heart that is weary.
Love that shall know all sorrow, the sorrow of sorrows, but never
The accusing eyes of the Loved One in remorse and bitter regretting."

Crouching low on her silken divan, her two little jeweled hands clasped tightly between her knees, the Golden Woman sat spellbound, gazing, through the rising and falling smoke-wreaths, into the great, dark lustrous eyes of the Sooth-sayer, listening breathlessly to his every word, as a frightened child might listen who dreads yet is eager to hear some soul-chilling story to its pitiful end.

"Of love and lovers I am weary," she whispered to the Greek youth, who lay in the shadows by her couch watching the little bright flames in the brazier glint and sparkle on the sheen of her hair, in her wide questioning eyes, and on her gold and jewels in a myriad points of light.

"It frightens me," she said, very low, "this love of which he speaks and of which I have never dreamed. I have had enough of lovers, but of this Love—Mayhap, he is the new Prophet they tell of who is stirring up the people, preaching to them of just such a great and wonderful love, in Jerusalem and Damascus and the cities by the Lake of Galilee."

"No Prophet is he," said the Greek youth, smiling at her eager seriousness. "But a Chaldean sorcerer, a cabalist skilled in the lore of the elements, of fire and water and wind, and in the ancient learning and the talismans and cyphers of his people that have been their heritage since the world was young."

Still, while they whispered, the blue smoke-wreaths circled and the high monotone of the Sooth-sayer's chanting thrilled through the shadows. "Kisses, a thousand kisses have been

paid for the love of Woman, But the Hero shall die for Love, and in dying cancel all reckoning."

A little stir rippled through the darkened place as a tiring woman of the household made her way through the guests to where the Golden Woman sat. On her arm she carried a crimson cloak lined with white skins of the ermine.

"Lazarus, Martha, my brother, my sister," the Golden Woman echoed the names spoken in the woman's low-voiced message. Springing from the couch she threw the cloak of furs and velvet hastily about her shoulders, and clapped her hands for silence. At the sound the thin, high voice of the Chaldean seemed to die down and trail away, out through the open windows into the purple fragrance of the night, where a silver mist was rising above the cedars, and a great, round moon hung low.

"Bring light for the candles," she called to the attendants, "and let you feast and be happy together while yet the night is young," she said to her guests, "I am bidden to the home of my kindred. A Stranger, an honored guest is there. It is their wish that I should come to Him. I go to meet this Stranger and who knows, O, Chaldean, but that the fruit of your foretelling may ripen this very night, who knows, but that it maybe I go to meet your Magnificent Lover."

Her silvery laughter chimed through the place, and mingled with the golden music of her girdle's jangled bells. With imploring outstretched arms the beautiful Greek youth sought to stay here where she stood by his side. Stooping down tenderly she kissed his brow where the purple fillet bound his tangle of dark curls then stepping over the little heap of golden ornaments without one look backward the Golden Woman of Magdala went out from the heat and the noisy glare of the high chamber of her scarlet house into the quiet coolness of the soft night-glitter, where the waters of the fountain splashed faintly through the darkness, and the cedars seemed to be sleeping peacefully, and dreaming as they slumbered.

AS WITH eager feet, through the clear moonlight that lay white and wide over the deserted streets and squares of the city, the Golden Woman made her way to the house of her people, little did she dream that, having left behind her,

in the Scarlet House by the City Gate the glamorous and shadowy thing that men called love, she was hastening to find awaiting her under the roof-tree of her fathers, Love itself personified, with all Love's understanding, its pity and its pardon.

YEARS after, on a day of terror when night seemed to stretch out its ebony hand above the world, and draw a curtain of darkness across the face of day, when the lowering skies were rent with myriad flashes of searing flame, and the mountains shrivelled and cracked and fell asunder under their scorching fury, when even the solid earth proved unstable, and lifted and tossed, heaving and hollowing as the angry billow tosses. On that day of dread and doom, amid the riving of lintel and roof-tree, the crashing of timbers and the thunder of tumbling masonry, the Scarlet House by the city Gate of Magdala crumbled and sank, in a cloud of dust, from the haughty grandeur of its painted pride into a smouldering, shapeless heap of blackened ruins, from whose dead ashes, as a victorious living thing, sprang a pure silver shaft of the fountain's glancing water, that tossed to the darkened skies its feathery spray, like a waving plume of the meadow grasses swayed by a balsam-laden breeze from the cedars' shadowy closes.

Time, as the days that made the years went by, touched the ruined place with the magic of his kindly hand, and spread over its great heap of tumbled masonry, its fallen pillars and shattered bulustrades a mantle of cool, green moss and seeding grasses. Pale delicate fern-fronds uncurled themselves to the light in the crevices between the stones, and where frail, wild wayside flowers blossomed in the warm, clear air, little green lizards dotted through the sunlit spaces by the fountains mossy ledge.

On its fallen pillars, in the shade of the blossoming lemon trees, the matrons of the city came and sat through the long cool evenings, and little, dark-eyed olive-skinned children romped and shouted and played in innocent abandon over its sunny sward. At its sparkling fountain the poor, the weary and the travel worn, who passed through the Gate of the City, drank of the cool, sweet water and went on their way refreshed, while over the broken arches of its courtyard the vagrant vines trailed

their dark greenery, in whose shade hoardes of the city's beggars and outcasts found shelter, crowding its shattered entrances, and drowsing on its brown stones through the sultry summer days.

Once, towards the evening of a day in late summer, a woman, barefooted and travel-stained and clad in coarse, gray garments, with a coil of coarse gray linen wound about her head, came down the hill-road toward the City Gate of Magdala. Slowly and listlessly she walked the white road as one who had traveled afoot on a weary journey.

In the shade of the City Gate she rested for a brief space, then made her way with the sure steps of one to whom the way was familiar, to the green flower-strewn, mossy mound, where the happy children played, and the fountain tossed its wavering silver spray against the golden afterglow. Seating herself on a fallen pillar she gazed with something of joy in her tired eyes, on the thing of beauty that Nature had evolved out of the tumbled heap of blackened ruins that

was once the Scarlet House by the City Gate.

While the Woman rested, out of the ruin of the vine-covered courtyard a beggar came, an old Assyrian woman, half-blind, with a face like a dried and wrinkled gourd, and the colored rags of her dress fluttering around her as she moved.

To the seated woman she stretched out one lean, shaking hand.

"A little something," she pleaded, "for a handful of meal, a cruise of oil, just a little something . . ."

A strange look of pain and helplessness came into the eyes of the woman seated on the fallen pillar at the old beggar-woman's pleading.

"I am sorry," she said, softly, "in the goods of this world 'tis poorer than yourself I am. I have nothing. I am a beggar also."

At the sound of the woman's voice the old Assyrian beggar shaded her almost sightless eyes with one claw-like hand and peered eagerly into her face, then mumbling something in her throat, she turned away to join her companions under the courtyard's broken arches.

"Wait," called the woman, rising hastily from her seat and hurrying to the old woman's side. "Take this," she said, kindly, as, slipping the coarse, gray cloak from her shoulders, she put it about the shoulders of the old woman.

"'Tis all I have to give," she said, simply, "but it is yours more than it is mine, since yours is the greater need."

Thus saying, the woman, with a happy light in her eyes, went away across the sunlit space, out under the archway of the City's Gate, and turned her face, to the road that led over the mountain's shoulder to Jerusalem, eastward by the sea of Galilee.

ON THE brown stones of the courtyard the old Assyrian beggar-woman spread out her treasure before her friends.

"Look," she said, "a beautiful cloak. I had it from a woman who sat by the fountain. It was all she had to give. A beggar she was, like myself, she said, but listen," she cried, stretching out her thin shaking hands, "when she spoke I thought it was with the voice of one who had lived and laughed in this very place and walked these very stones, and in her eyes, when they pitied me, I thought I saw a look of the Golden Woman of Magdala."

In Mexico

By HUGH NOONAN, O.F.M.

MUTE lips . . . bowed heads
In Mexico.

Sad hearts . . . grief-led
In Mexico.

Yet mute, sad and bowed was He
The dark night of Gethsemani
When Blood was shed to hearten thee
O Mexico.

Weak hands . . . brave souls
In Mexico.

Grim track . . . stark goal
In Mexico.

Yet weak hands in Galilee
Toiled on to death and Calvary
Through same long street of enmity
As Mexico.

Crush Right! . . . Wave Wrong!
In Mexico.

Dear God! . . . how long
In Mexico?

Yet Love's gift to His own Son
Was but a cross to suffer on:
God's Love and Will are ever one
O Mexico.

Personalities of the Month

WHO WERE BORN OR DIED IN MARCH

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS

Philosopher and Theologian

PERIODICALLY, in the pages of one or other of the current popular magazines, we find featured a list of the ten greatest men in the history of the world, as compiled by noted authorities on such matters. As a general rule, these self-constituted judges of the world's outstanding geniuses, regard St. Thomas Aquinas as hopelessly medieval, out of step with modern thought, and consequently to be relegated to their subsidiary lists of "other great men worthy of mention." But despite this contemporary disdain and contempt for the Angelic Doctor and his teachings, he still remains the greatest Christian philosopher, the prince of theologians, and one of the profoundest thinkers of all time.

St. Thomas was born at Rocca Secca, the hereditary castle of the Counts of Aquin about 1225. When five years old he was sent to the Benedictines at the monastery of Monte Cassino, to commence his education. The course included grammar, poetry, rhetoric, logic, and probably the elements of philosophy—a solid, medieval, Catholic curriculum.

After finishing the prescribed course he was sent to the University of Naples where he studied under Peter the Irishman. Here, also, he came under the influence of the Dominicans, whose illustrious order he entered in Naples in 1243. The same year he was sent to Paris for higher studies. Thence he went to Cologne where Albertus Magnus taught. In 1256 he became professor of theology in Paris. He held this post some three years.

Meanwhile, his fame as a teacher spread rapidly throughout Europe, and he was called successively to the chairs of philosophy and theology at Bologna, Rome, Viterbo, Perugia, and Naples. Clement IV offered to make him archbishop of Naples, but St. Thomas declined this honor, even as he shunned every mark of worldly glory throughout his life. In his lectures as well as in his writings he

was actuated by a twofold purpose. He strove, first, to defend the truth against the attacks of its enemies, and secondly, to build up a system of theology and philosophy. It was this latter synthetic power which St. Thomas possessed in so eminent a degree that stamps all his work as writer, thinker, and philosopher.

He synthesized the more or less fragmentary truths which, during the preceding centuries, the schoolmen had slowly gathered together, as well as the elements of thought which Scholasticism had derived from Greek and Arabian sources. He was the first to formulate a complete system of Christian Aristotelianism, thus pressing into the service of Catholic truth the very philosopher to whom Arabian and Jewish unbelievers had looked as their champion in the warfare against Christian doctrines. St. Thomas determined for all time the true relation between faith and reason, and consecrated to the cause of truth the dialectic which rationalists had abused and mystics denounced.

Indeed it would be useless to attempt to mention even in barest outline, all the accomplishments of this great Angel of the Schools, when the titles alone of his prodigious labors cover nearly nine pages of a recent biography. Philosophy, theology, apologetics, exegesis, ethics, asceticism, and the religious life are some of the general subjects on which he wrote with authority. It is only when one studies the history of later Scholasticism and the trend of modern philosophy, that the true grandeur of this most commanding figure in the history of medieval thought can be realized.

Scholar and savant he was, and preëminently, but he did not lose his own religious life in the subtleties of metaphysics; saint he was in very fact, as well as by decree of the Church. Outstanding among the virtues he displayed were his profound humility and wonderful realization of the presence of God. Time and again when hard at work upon

his *Summa*, and almost ready to drop from sheer mental and physical exhaustion, his brain swimming with a maze of abstruse reasonings, his temples throbbing with the tenseness of his concentration, and his tired hand cramped from hours of writing, this humble genius would lay down his pen, betake himself to the chapel and, there kneeling before the crucifix, pray for strength and guidance.

His great devotion to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament found expression in those sublime hymns the *Adoro Te*, and the *Pange Lingua*, with its *Tantum Ergo*, which defy adequate translation. He has left for all time a work on the religious life which is acceded by the greatest authorities as unsurpassed.

In 1274 in obedience to the command of the Pope, he set out for the Council of Lyons. On the way he fell sick and was carried to a nearby Cistercian Monastery. There he spent the remaining days of his life among the sons of St. Benedict, whose brethren at Monte Cassino had watched over his early education, and there he died prematurely on March 7, 1274, before he was fifty years old.

* * * * *

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

Artist and Convert

THIS young genius was one of the outstanding figures of English literary and artistic circles during that remarkable period of history known as the Mauve Decade. Born at Brighton, England, in 1872 he died an early and untimely death at Mentone, France, on March 16, 1898. Someone said of Beardsley that he was a boy who never grew up. And, considering his brief career and his extraordinary boyish charm of manner, this statement is not without a shade of truth. Then, too, this youthful spirit of enthusiasm and humor rendered him unable to withstand the desire to do clever, mischievous things and to shock persons of rather narrow opinions or tender sensibilities. It is thus that some would explain away the ignoble and vicious results of his talent,

which mar his memory and stamp him one of the decadents.

He attended the Brighton Grammar School, and here his first work was published, being a program for a school entertainment. Later he was a contributor to the *Bee Magazine* of Blackburn. He had secured a position in an insurance office, but was persuaded by Vallance and Pennell to enter the studio of Fred Brown at Westminster. This he did and devoted his attention to illustration. He also received encouragement from artists as famous as Sir E. Burne-Jones and Puvis de Chavannes.

When nineteen years of age he accepted the task of illustrating the "Morte d'Arthur," a tremendous work which he accomplished in a successful manner. In April, 1894, he became art editor of Henry Harland's mythical *Yellow Book*. He did the first four volumes, and then, with Arthur Symons, started the *Savoy* to which he contributed the drawings.

During his short life he carried the art of black and white farther than any man since the days of Albrecht Durer. Beardsley had a marvelous knowledge of the quality of line, a real and powerful sense of beauty, coupled with a constant desire to be quaint, fanciful or bizarre. He possessed a vigor, inventiveness, and daintiness almost unapproachable in any other man.

Despite his occasional weaknesses and excesses he was beneath all always a man of deep religious feeling. In 1895, he became a Roman Catholic, and until the day of his sad death manifested a marvelous spirit of penance and simple devotion. By those who know him intimately Aubrey Beardsley was regarded as the most original, brilliant, witty, and lovable of men. It is to be regretted that his love of mischief and desire to be different led him into serious faults (which he so wholeheartedly repented of himself) and caused him to be so misunderstood.

* * * * *

JEAN DE BREBEUF

Jesuit Missionary and Martyr

FEW American school histories tell the story of this heroic missionary; most do not even mention his name. Yet, long before the days of New England's John Eliot, Jean de Brebeuf was preaching the Gospel to the Huron Indians; and eleven years before the Puritan Bible was printed in the Indian tongue, he was

martyred by the savage Iroquois.

Jean de Brebeuf was born in Normandy, March 25, 1593. Of his early life not much is known. In 1617, he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus. Although normally a man of unusual physical strength, when he was twenty-eight his health gave way and he was unable to take all his studies and confined his efforts to those only that were absolutely necessary.

He volunteered for the Canadian Missions and arrived in Quebec in 1625. He overcame the dislike of the colonists for the Jesuits, and established a house on the St. Charles. The next winter he took up his abode with the Indians of the vicinity, and in the spring he set out with some guides on a journey to Lake Huron. During this arduous trip his life was in constant danger. A mission was established near Georgian Bay. He met with small success, however, and was summoned to Quebec, after two years in the wilderness, owing to the danger from the operations of the French and Indian Wars. In 1629, Champlain surrendered to the English and the Jesuit missionaries returned to France.

Four years later the colony was once again restored to France and de Brebeuf set out for New France a second time. As soon as he arrived he attempted to go to Lake Huron, but could get no one who would volunteer as a guide until a whole year had passed, when he and Father Daniel succeeded in making the daring journey.

The next sixteen years of uninterrupted labors among the savages, while fruitful, were at the same time, a long series of continual privations and sufferings. Father de Brebeuf, however, referred to them characteristically as only roses in comparison to what the end would be. About the time that the war between the Iroquois and Hurons was at its height, de Brebeuf was appointed to attempt to reach the Huron country and rescue Jogues and Brassani, two other Jesuits who had been captured. He succeeded in penetrating as far as St. Mary's, the central Huron mission. His two companions were murdered.

In March, 1649, the Iroquois captured de Brebeuf and Lallemant along with their congregation. The two Jesuits were brought to the village of St. Ignace where they were

welcomed with a shower of stones, beaten with clubs and finally burned at the stake.

* * * * *

KENELM HENRY DIGBY

English Catholic Author

ALTHOUGH he was one of the most erudite, able and scholarly writers that Catholic England has ever produced, Kenelm Digby seems doomed to literary oblivion. Perhaps it is because he was somewhat pedantic, or his style too labored, or that his volumes are too ponderous for comfortable, easy reading. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that in most libraries his works but gather dust.

Kenelm Digby was born in Ireland in 1800, of ancient English stock which branched into Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth by the marriage of Sir Robert Digby with Lettice FitzGerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare. William Digby, Kenelm's father, was Dean of Clonfert, and thus his early surroundings were strongly Protestant. He entered Cambridge, studying at Trinity College there, and took his B.A. in 1819, but went no farther.

As a result of his deep study and exhausting research during these years at the university and after, young Digby became a Catholic. His first book "The Broadstone of Honor" was published in 1822, while he was still nominally a Protestant. After his conversion he re-wrote the work, dividing it into four volumes which appeared in 1827. Two other editions followed in rapid succession, and then came an edition deluxe by Quaritch. According to its various subtitles this masterpiece treats of "The Origin, Spirit, and Institutions of Christian Chivalry," and the "True Sense and Practice of Chivalry."

Digby's greatest literary product, entitled "*Mores Catholici*, or Ages of Faith," came out in eleven volumes stretching over a period of nine years from 1831 to 1840. A later edition reduced this monumental work to three volumes. In it he collected, mostly from original sources, a vast mass of information concerning the religious, social, and artistic life of the peoples of medieval Europe. It has been well said that he gathered together in it, like a pious pilgrim, the fragrance of ancient times.

A Hero of Pioneer Days

FATHER RALE OF THE COMPANY OF JESUS

EVERY American knows and reveres the names of Lafayette and Rochambeau; but comparatively few, even among Catholics, realize how immense is the debt which our country owes to the French priest-explorers who made their perilous way the length of uncharted rivers, and blazed a path into the vast wilderness that lay behind the first timid seacoast towns. Marquette, alone, is held in due honor.

Nor were the explorers the only benefactors among the missionaries. French priests—Franciscans, Jesuits, and seculars—by converting and to some degree civilizing the savages, saved the lives and protected the property of the colonists; while others, not less heroic, in poverty and loneliness and hardship, ministered to poor and scattered Catholics in every corner of the continent.

For many a year the English seemed to forget that Indians have souls; they remembered it only when the savages love for the French began to prove detrimental to their commercial and political interests. As an Abenaki chief once said to a governor of Massachusetts:

"Neither those who preceded you nor your ministers have ever spoken to us of prayer or of the Great Spirit. They thought only of our beaver skins and furs; they were so eager for these that they could never get enough; and so far as we could supply an abundance of these, we were excellent friends, but no farther. On the other hand, when we once lost our way, and wandered a long time till we came to a village in the neighborhood of Quebec, the Black Robes met us, and without stopping to say a word about our furs, began at once to speak to us about the Great Spirit, of Heaven and Hell, and prayer. We heard them with pleasure; we desired and received baptism; we returned to our country and told our brethren what had happened; they desired the same happiness; they set out to seek the Black Robes and ask baptism of them. This is the way the French have treated us."

They spoke truly. Every band of French settlers, which came to Can-

By FLORENCE GILMORE

ada, brought missionaries with it; and only the Spanish ever succeeded, as did they, in winning the confidence of the Red Man, and in converting him, heart and soul, to the love of the Christ Who died for all.

OF FRENCH missionaries few were so heroic and self forgetful, few as successful, as Father Rale; but he incurred the hatred of Protestant New Englanders, and even now is disliked by their descendants. To the minds of Puritans and Pilgrims to be a Catholic and a Jesuit was disgrace enough for any man; to be French was to be accounted an enemy; to be all three things, and then to dare to protect the savage against the cupidity of the settlers of Massachusetts; and to protest, in no uncertain terms, of their injustices made Father Rale a target for their bitterest enmity. A price had been put upon his head long years before his scalp was carried in triumph to Boston, and his mutilated body left unburied beside the ruins of his church.

Sebastian Rale was born in Besancon, France, about 1654. He entered the Jesuit novitiate in 1675, made his first studies, taught for a time, and finished his theology. Immediately after ordination he volunteered for the missions in America, and sailed for Canada the next year, in a party headed by Frontenac.

On reaching the New World his first task was the learning of the Indian language—no easy one! His superior stationed him in an Abenaki village near Quebec, and there he set to work with intense earnestness. Part of every day was spent in the wigwams of the Indians to listen to their speech and to get such lessons in it as they knew how to give.

At first the savages laughed uproariously at the mistakes he made, but after five months of effort Father Rale spoke their strange, difficult dialect so well that he furnished no more amusement. At once he began to compile a dictionary at which he worked in his spare moments during

all the long years of his apostolate. This dictionary, written in his own small, neat hand, is now one of the treasures of the library at Harvard. Philologists praise it highly.

Father Rale wrote, also, a catechism for his Indians, using not only their language, but their manner of speech; for instance, in answer to the question, "Why did God make you?" he gave this reply, "Thus thought the Great Spirit concerning us: Let them know me, let them love me, let them honor and obey me, that when they die I may let them share my glorious happiness."

It is not easy, at this distance of time, to realize what life among the savages meant to men accustomed to the refinements and comforts of civilization: no house but a wigwam, cold in winter and stifling in summer; a wretched bed, poor and insufficient food. Father Rale confessed that at first Indian food, crudely prepared and disgustingly served, as it was, nauseated him so that he could not eat of it. The Indians were quick to observe this, and were not only offended but scandalized. "Is it hard for a father who understands religion so well to eat what he does not like?" they argued; "We have difficulties to overcome in order to believe what we cannot see." After that Father Rale ate unflinchingly whatever was provided for him.

Having labored for two years near Quebec Father Rale was sent to the Illinois Indians whom he served for two years more. He was then transferred to an Abenaki village, on the Kennebec River, Maine, where he was destined to labor for thirty years.

TO THE hardships of life among savages, and the discouragements which are the lot of every missionary, was added, in Father Rale's case, constant and bitter friction with the English colonists of Massachusetts. There was chronic ill-feeling and frequent war between the French and English in America, and the Indians being disposed to favor the French, naturally enough the English disliked the idea of a Frenchman, in a position of influence, living so close to their own settlements.

They took for granted that Father Rale fanned the Indians' hostility; and every outrage perpetrated on the eastern frontier of New England, during his long residence in Maine, was attributed, directly or indirectly, to his influence.

EVEN English historians admit that the colonists were unjust and cruel in their dealings with the savages; as more than once Father Rale spoke in their defense and against English interests to the governor of Massachusetts; but every Catholic will understand that he was a priest first and last, and only secondarily a Frenchman; that his one great object was the salvation of souls; that he feared English influence for his flock principally because it was Protestant.

It was the village of Norridgewock that Father Rale made his headquarters. There he built a church which he decorated prettily with his own hands. He made candles by boiling bayberries, skimming off the oil that floated to the top, and mixing it with tallow or fat. He trained some of his boys and young men to serve as acolytes, others to sing in the choir.

Father Rale himself has told us how his days were spent. He said his Mass early, in presence of a creditable congregation; and at sunset the people returned to the church for evening prayers which were chanted or recited aloud. Besides, he often preached for a few minutes at a set time in the day. Immediately following Mass there was catechism class for the children and catechumens, and after it he was at the disposal of all who wanted advice and sympathy. His afternoons were spent in visiting those who needed individual instruction and all who were sick. Having some medical skill he prescribed as best he could for every patient, and even administered the remedies himself. He mended his own clothing, cooked his own meals, and made all necessary repairs on his house and church.

Father Rale had been at Norridgewock only a few years when a tribe of Indians settled nearby. He feared that they would pervert his people; but instead, he was able easily to convert them. Deputies sent by the newcomers chanced to reach the village while a religious procession was being held. They were deeply impressed by it, and Father Rale took advantage of the opportunity to talk

to them of Christianity. They promised to repeat to their people all that he had said; and in time, when Father Rale sent them the message that he kept them in his heart and in his prayers, they replied, "We have decided to accept the religion the father proposes to us." So the entire tribe was instructed and baptized; a large cross was erected in the centre of their village, and a chapel was built.

As the years passed the Abenaki Indians became more and more deeply attached to their "father," and more edifying in the practice of their religion. Not that there were no lapses. From time to time they stole a white man's cattle, burned a house, or even pillaged a whole village; they made agreements with the governors of Massachusetts, and did not always keep them. It is but fair to add, however, that the English often failed to live up to their side of compacts entered into with the savages.

AS EVERY outrage suffered by the colonists was attributed to Father Rale's influence, hatred of him grew bitter. In 1705 his church was burned, and he and his friends escaped capture only because they were forewarned in time to flee. In 1721, the General Court of Massachusetts sent a body of soldiers to Norridgewock to seize Father Rale. His own account of the attack is as follows:

"There were with me at the village only a few old and infirm people, the rest of the Indians being engaged in hunting. It seemed a favorable moment to take me by surprise; and for this purpose a party of two hundred men was sent. Two young Abenakis, hunting near the seaboard, learned that the English had entered the river. They watched their course until they were within ten leagues of the village. Then, by cutting across the country, they arrived in advance of the party, in time to give me warning, and to take the old men, the women, and the children to a place of comparative safety. I had barely time to consume the Consecrated Hosts, to pack the sacred vessels in a small chest, and secrete myself in the woods. The English reached the village toward evening. Not finding me there, the next day they came in search of me, and were close to me before I discovered them. My only course was to plunge precipitately into the forest. In the hurry of my flight I

had not taken my snow shoes, and had still much weakness remaining from the effects of a fall some years before, in which my leg and thigh were broken, so it was impossible for me to flee far. My only resource was to hide behind a tree. It seemed as if they would surely see me, but—they soon went back toward the village. They plundered my church and my humble dwelling. I nearly perished of famine in the woods, before my friends in Quebec heard of the calamity and sent me food."

In regard to the broken bones to which he refers, in speaking of the difficulty of his flight, we know that they were set so badly at first that the leg had to be broken a second time to make it straight. He bore the pain with marvelous courage; so much so that the surgeon was astonished by his fortitude. "Father, do groan a little," he said. "Surely you have reason to!"

Another attempt to capture Father Rale was unsuccessful, because he was warned; but the English were not to fail forever. In August, 1724, eleven hundred men, some of them English, some Mohawks, surprised the village of Norridgewock. At the moment but fifty braves were at home. They rushed out to engage the enemy and thereby protect the flight of the old men, the women, and the children. Father Rale instantly stepped forward in the hope of attracting the attention of the attacking party entirely to himself, and thus to safeguard his flock.

Scarcely had he appeared when all the English fired at him, and he fell dead at the foot of the village cross. Seven Abenakis, who had run to his side, fell with him.

When the terrified Abenakis found courage to creep home, after the English were well on their way back to Boston, they found their beloved father pierced by many bullets and scalped. His skull had been gashed with hatchet blows, his legs broken, his eyes and mouth filled with mud, and his whole body mutilated. His children buried him under the ashes of the altar at which he had said Mass that morning.

SO DIED Father Rale, in his old age, after thirty-seven years of toil in the wilderness. He had known no comforts and many hardships, had had no companions but savages, and no earthly reward but the devotion of his Indians.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



LOUIS just hated to be teased. And never, it seemed, did Sam Harlow miss a chance to plague him.

"Baby tender, baby tender, who takes care of you?"

Louis put his arm about little brother. He usually felt very big when mother asked him to watch over Gregory, although Gregory was almost as large.

"Baby tender Louis! Tender baby Louis!" Sam shouted.

"I'd like to call him names too, but I promised mother I wouldn't!" Louis told Gregory.

Also Louis was on good behavior hoping for a two-wheel bicycle. Nothing in the world did he crave more than that shining red and black one at Curtis' Hardware Store. Sometimes he had called names and even taught small Gregory to do so. Then mother said if they ever did it again she would wash their mouths in soap suds. Soap smelled lovely but tasted awful Louis knew.

Suddenly to Louis' astonishment Gregory shouted, his voice clear as Louis' own, louder than Sam's.

"Funny Face! Funny Face, and his family was a Chinaman!"

With a quick laugh Sam was gone.

"O Gregory, you shouldn't have! You know what mother said?"

"Um-m," Gregory agreed, "Soap suds and my tummy's sick now! I guess I'll go to grandma."

So off trudged Gregory to the gentle old lady who cuddled them, told them stories and did everything but punish them. Meanwhile mother with regretful face came out to Louis.

"O Louis, away in the house I heard you call Sam Harlow, 'Funny Face.' You know what mother said she would do if you or Gregory did that again?"

"Would you really do it to Gregory, mother?" Louis asked.

"Most certainly. He learns both good and bad very quickly."

And much of this good and bad

Louis' Successful Punishment

By MARY DODGE TENEYCK

Louis knew he had taught Gregory!

His mother continued, "I am sorry, dear, but go up to your room. Think over how you did not obey me, then soon I will come up, and keep my word."

Louis felt almost sick at thought of the soap suds. So easily he could tell his mother he had called no names this afternoon. But he had taught Gregory how! As suddenly he remembered Gregory felt sick already. Soap added to being sick might kill him. So Louis said nothing but dolefully tramped up to his room.

It seemed a long time before he heard his mother coming. Again and again he felt tempted to tell, begging excuse for Gregory especially because he was sick. But he hardly dare chance it, for mother usually kept her word and had warned them both about the soap suds. Finally she appeared all smiling, "What a little soldier my Louis is! Gregory has just told me that he called the names."

"But he's sick, mother."

"Yes, he is very, very sick."

Louis caught hold of her, "Don't punish him yet, will you, mother, please?"

His mother laughed but hurried away, "He's too utterly sick to punish just now!"

When she left Louis thought hard. Poor Gregory! Probably mother would punish him some time. Another idea came swimming through Louis' blond head. Mother would not punish Gregory until he felt better. Maybe he could fix it so she would not punish him at all!

In the bathroom Louis found the pretty Blue Rose soap that smelled

so sweet. He touched his tongue to it and up wrinkled his nose. Quite as horrible tasting as he thought. The little boy shuddered and almost felt sick. But thoughts of his small brother made him fill the lavatory with water into which he plunged the blue cake. Rubbing his hands about it he soon made a suds, sparkling and pretty with the tint of blue and the smell of roses. But Louis knew how it would taste. Almost!

He plunged the tumbler into the soapy mass, then closing his eyes pressed it to his lips. He wriggled at the first sip and stopped. Again he tried a bigger portion, and could scarcely get rid of it quickly enough. His face a little paler he started on the third when his mother appeared.

"What are you doing, Louis?"

"Watch, mother!" Brave Louis took a large portion of the soapy water, whirled it about in his mouth, until with a final mighty shudder he thrust it out again. With a wry face and weak voice he asked, "Isn't my mouth washed out enough now, mother?"

"Gracious yes, more than anyone would dream of doing! But why, dear, did you do it?"

As mother gathered him on her lap Louis told her, "I thought because it was really my fault and because Gregory's sick, you'd let me have the punishment for him. Won't you, mother?"

SHE nodded, her eyes rather misty, Louis thought. Even her voice had a funny little crack in it as she replied.

"Gregory shall not be punished. Yet you, being so very good a brother, may pretend this is your birthday and ask for the black and red bicycle. And I shall see that you get it—immediately."

When Louis saw the shining red and black bike he thought it worth gargling the whole bar of Blue Rose soap—almost!

"BOBBIE, Jim and Eddie are whistling for you outside," called Mrs. Murray to her son who was hunting for his old cap.

"All right, mom," answered Bobbie. "Tell them I'll be there in a minute."

Mrs. Murray delivered the message to the waiting boys and when she came in again, said to Bobbie:

"Remember, you have to take Tad with you today. I'm too busy housecleaning to bother with him and you'll have to bring Tad along if you want to go."

"Oh, gosh, mom, why do I have to have him tagging along?" wailed Bobbie. "Jim doesn't like Tad and is always picking on him. Besides, Tad gets too fresh."

"You'll be there to watch him, Bobbie, and not another word or you'll stay home altogether," ended Mrs. Murray.

That threat was enough. Making the best of the bargain, Bobbie growled, "Come on," to Tad and then hurried out.

When Bobbie and Tad joined the boys Jim Lee protested in disgust:

"Have you got to take that pest with you?" pointing to Tad, who rewarded him with a scowl. "Why can't you make him stay home and not spoil our fun?"

"I don't want him, but mom won't let me go at all unless I take him," explained poor Bobbie.

"Oh well, let's make the best of it and get started," broke in Eddie Fox.

"You'd better behave yourself, Tad, and do what we tell you, or you know what'll happen," bossed Jim Lee.

It was no wonder the boys didn't want Tad along. It was no ordinary hike they were starting out on but a real important hunt—not for birds, not for ducks, nor even for rabbits. They were to search for the instrument by means of which a man had committed murder! He had confessed the crime but had thrown the weapon, an Indian club, into the depth of Raritan Woods where it lay as yet undetected by the police. They had offered a reward of fifty dollars to the finder.

"No matter which one of us gets it," explained Eddie, the money will go for our clubhouse."

"Sure," they all agreed. "We'll all do our best and it won't make any difference which one is lucky."

Tad had given up trying to join

From "Pest" To Mascot

By JOAN LEE

the club as Jim wouldn't have such a baby, he said.

"You talk as if we were sure of finding the hiding-place," spoke up Jim Lee.

"Well if we don't it won't be our fault," replied Bobbie with spirit.

"What if Tad should find it?" asked Jim. "He doesn't belong and . . ."

"For the love of Pete, what's the matter?" interrupted Eddie.

For Tad had let out a most unearthly yell. They turned to see where he was and found him caught fast in a hole which had been covered by sticks. His leg was wedged in so tight that it took the combined strength of the three boys to pry it loose. When he was once more free and they were on their way again Jim Lee scolded, shaking his finger:

"Now Tad, you've got to be more careful. We're terribly busy and you ought to be glad just to come along. Watch your step."

"Tad," threatened Bobbie wearily, "if you don't act better, we'll run off and leave you alone in the woods."

This threat subdued Tad and he followed meekly after the boys without saying a word.

Every nook and cranny was searched but not a sign of an Indian club could be seen, though there were plenty of Indian pipes and other beautiful deep wood flowers.

"It's rather swampy here and maybe the club is buried in the mud," suggested Eddie hopefully. "Let's tread around and see if we step on it."

This was easily done. There was a great splashing of water and mud as the searchers went back and forth. They were so absorbed in covering all the space that they forgot about Tad. After much tramping around Eddie and Bobbie, as well as Jim, had to confess the club wasn't in the swamp, and they decided to move on. When they had gone some distance Bobbie became uneasy in finding that Tad was missing.

"I've got to go back," said Bobbie.

"Go back—what for?" demanded Jim impatiently.

"I can't help it," explained Bobbie

miserably. "Tad's missing and I don't dare go home without him."

"What did I tell you!" almost shouted Jim. "I'd like to wring that kid's neck. The next time we'll tie him in the yard with a rope."

The boys turned back and hurried to the swamp, knowing there was nothing else to do. At first they couldn't see Tad and were beginning to become worried for fear he might have been bitten by a snake. Bobbie began to call and Eddie whistled. After a long wait an answering reply came from Tad, in the midst of a thick clump of greens. When they reached the spot a queer sight met their eyes. The voice that replied sounded like Tad's but the figure before them was a sorry looking mass of black. Tad was covered with black slimy mud from head to foot.

"I fell in going after the jacks," whimpered Tad.

"Talk sense," roared Bobbie. "There aren't any Jacks here. You know well you came out with Eddie and Jim and me."

"Talk sense yourself," retorted the now defensive Tad. "I mean these jacks," and he pointed to a bunch of flowers in his arms.

On closer examination Bobbie saw that Tad had picked a big bunch of jack-in-the-pulpits and was hugging them tight.

Jim Lee said angrily:

"Throw those weeds down if you're coming along with us. Try and see if you can't be less of a nuisance."

Tad thought it best to obey. He stealthily put one flower in his pocket, however, determined to bring it home to his mother.

"What are you peeking at, Jim?" asked Eddie as Jim Lee was seen looking intently down.

"Come on, fellows," answered Jim, "here's a hole and maybe the guy stuffed the club down inside. Got a good stick?"

Bobbie and Eddie crowded around, after they had brought a long stick, and watched Jim poke into the hole.

A queer humming noise came forth and before the bewildered boys could gather their wits enough to make out what caused it, a swarm of angry bees rapidly attacked them.

The boys fell heavily to the ground and sat ruefully rubbing the bumps, wondering what would help them. At this juncture up puffed Tad without the trace of a sting.

"I'm going to tell mom you ran

away from me," threatened Tad. Then he got a good look at the boys and the sight made him stumble back in dismay. Swollen eyes, swollen lips, swollen hands—some of them almost twice their normal size! Tad began to cry for he was really frightened now.

"Stop that noise, baby," yelled Jim in wrath. Turning his back on Tad, he addressed the others:

"If we only had some mud, it would stop this itching pain." The boys knew this but they were far from the swamp. Here it was dry and sandy so all they could do was rock back and forth, bemoaning their fate.

Bobbie was wishing heartily he could think of something to relieve them all when he happened to glance at Tad's pants pocket. Giving a feeble shout of joy, he got stiffly to his feet. The other boys looked at him with question in their eyes but they did not feel like moving.

"Look here," called Bobbie, taking the mud out of Tad's pocket. "Tad didn't do such a bad turn at that falling in the mud—here's our medicine!"

When the other boys saw what was in Bobbie's hand, they came quickly over to get some. Soon all the stings were plastered with cooling mud and the boys presented a comical appearance. They didn't care very much, though, as long as the itching pain disappeared—or at least lessened—and all thought of their original object in coming out that afternoon was forgotten.

The boys started for home and decided it would be best to take all back cuts so no one would see them in their present plight.

Just as they were leaving the woods Tad called out:

"Hey, look what I found."

None of the other boys would even look at him they were so provoked.

Tad didn't say any more then but just as the sore and weary searchers were nearing his home and Bobbie's, he once more ventured:

"Just see what I picked up."

Bobbie reached back to give him a good box on the ears but instead, he stood stock still, staring in astonishment.

Eddie and Jim wondered what was keeping Bobbie and they turned around too just in time to hear Bobbie say to Tad:

"Gimme that."

"No I won't, smarty, seeing you were so fresh," quarrelled Tad.

Without further words Bobbie grasped Tad by the coat collar and pulled an object from his protesting hands.

"Do you see what this is?" he asked of the boys in a hushed, excited voice.

They looked intently at the object and could hardly believe their eyes. It was the Indian club they had been searching for so frantically and here Tad picked it up as easy as you please. The club was covered with dark stains and there was still some hair clinging to it, evidently from the skull of the murdered man.

"Now gimme back my club," ordered the impatient Tad.

"Don't you know what it is, Tad?" questioned the amazed boys.

"It's an Indian club and I want to play with it, of course," answered Tad witheringly.

"He doesn't even know what we were hunting for, the dumb egg," scorned Jim. "Say," he called, turning to Tad, "do you know you will get fifty dollars for this club," holding it out for Tad to see.

Jim, Eddie and Bobbie laughed and didn't try to reprove Tad for such language this time. They knew he now had to be treated with care.

"Tad," continued Jim. "Don't you know that Bobbie, Eddie and I have been all afternoon looking for this very club? Whoever found it was to get fifty dollars and we were going to put it towards the club fund."

"Now we won't get it at all," despaired Eddie, just realizing their loss.

Bobbie signalled Eddie to keep quiet and then he coaxed Tad:

"Tad, wouldn't it be great if we let you join our club after all?"

Tad looked from one to the other, thinking he was the victim of a joke. "You know very well you fellows wouldn't have me," he replied. "Would you, if I gave the Indian club money towards it?" he asked hopefully.

"Sure we would, Tad," all the boys chorused. "You'll be our mascot and go around to all the ball games and have a regular suit."

The boys wanted Tad to fall into the trap this way. They felt he never would have found the club if they hadn't brought him along.

"Suppose Mr. Murray wants the money and won't let Tad give it to

the club," Eddie ventured. "What do you think, Bobbie?"

"I never thought of that," answered Bobbie uneasily. "I guess we'll have to ask."

By this time they had reached Murray's house and Mr. Murray, luckily, was at home. Although a little discouraged as to the outcome, they told their adventures and were delighted to hear Mr. Murray say heartily:

"Of course Tad can give the money to the club. You boys certainly worked hard enough to earn the reward and you all had your share of taking care of Tad."

But the look of joy on Tad's face soon turned to one of sorrow: "My Chinese baby, my Chinese baby," he cried in tones of grief.

Astonishment brought the boys to a stop and they waited impatiently for an explanation of this turn of affairs. One glance at their faces told Tad he'd better hurry, and he did.

"I promised to buy a Chinese baby if St. Jude would get me into the club. I forgot about it until now. What can I do?"

"You'll have to buy the baby, of course, Tad," replied his father. "But I think the others will be willing to take the amount out of the reward. Won't you, boys?" he asked appealingly. "It will only be ten dollars."

"Yes," agreed the boys after a moment's hesitation. They weren't so pleased, but part of the money was better than none.

But Jim Lee was almost speechless with disgust. Finally he sputtered:

"What—another baby? Isn't it bad enough to admit Tad without wishing a Chinese baby on us. Heck, I'm going to get out."

But Bobbie hastened to explain that the Chinese baby would stay right where it belonged—that the money would be used for its care in China. Quite mollified, Jim took back his words.

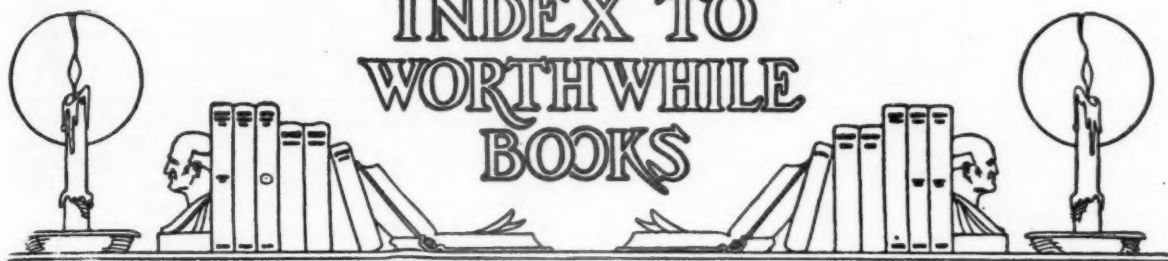
Mrs. Murray called Tad into the house at this moment.

"So-long, Sherlock Holmes," called Jim in farewell, tousling Tad's hair.

"My name is Tad Murray, and you know it," corrected Tad with heat. "Who is this guy Sherlock Holmes? He isn't even in my class."

"Sure, he's in your class, but you don't know it," was Jim's parting shot.

"So's your old man," flared Tad.



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE MAY BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

THE KING'S COIL. By Conde Pallen. The Manhattanville Press, New York. Price: \$2.50.

In his latest novel, Conde Pallen weaves a romance around the axiom "Life is what you make it." Here we have a young king who resolves to make his own life, and who does his best to explode that myth of statesmen that "The state is supreme." The king's subjects, standard type citizens (ultra-modern if anything), refuse to let the outside world own them, and their king refuses to let his subjects rule his personal affairs. "His Highness" is blessed with a "sense of humor and something of the grace of God, which combination makes life tolerable." He laughs at the irony of Fate, which makes him king, and still causes him to struggle against who would refuse him the right to order the actions of his daily life. He peremptorily refuses marriage with a princess of a neighboring realm, because, as he sees it, marriages are made in Heaven, not in council chambers.

Traveling incognito through his kingdom, he meets the lady of his heart, and sets out to win her approval. The romance leads him into the midst of a "Red" revolution, showing him the seamy side of human nature. Towards the end of the romance, the democratic king discovers that his lady-love is not the only one "who is in for a surprise," for he accidentally makes an astounding discovery. In all his adventures the king seeks for the best form of government, desiring to give a republic to his people. In comparing his kingdom with the United States and England, he is at a loss to decide the relative merits of each form of government. (Here the author indicates with real breadth of vision, the future of our own beloved country—something of a prophecy which the reader might well ponder.)

Of course the romance ends as only every true romance can—in marriage, with the king deciding that *THE KING'S COIL* is not an irksome one if he has the right one to bear it with him.

The romance is decidedly interesting, but the introductory chapters give no presage of the beautiful tale about to unfold itself before the reader's eyes.

The writer has very cleverly combined romance with politics, and in doing so has shown himself a keen student of human nature, as well as a philosopher who adds vision to his qualities as a statesman. This is a tale that will prove both interesting and instructive to those who can draw the correct moral from *THE KING'S COIL*.

CATHOLIC FAITH AND PRACTICE. By Rev. John E. Pichler. Herder Book Company, St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$3.00.

Men of the world today are vainly seeking peace and happiness. One thing after another is tried, but there is always a void which earthly things cannot take away. The Church has always taught that true happiness is to be found only in religion. It is the development of this basic principle, which is the aim of Father Pichler's book.

Many Catholics desire to have at hand a ready source of information on matters of the Faith; upright non-Catholics often wonder just what Catholicism stands for. A solution to all will be found in this volume, which is at the same time an amplified catechism and a brief synopsis of the religion of Jesus Christ.

The book is divided into four sections dealing consecutively with God's Revelation to us—God's demands upon us—the means God gives us to aid us in our ascent towards Him (the Sacraments) and finally there is a brief treatise on prayer. The book is not a manual of theology; rather it is a popular handbook of instruction. The very appropriate examples consequent upon the development of each point confirm and also aid in completing the explanation. These examples are exceptionally well chosen. The treatment of the matter is thorough, though not profound; clear and eminently instructive. A marked simplicity pervades the whole.

Without doubt the book is a needed publication; for Catholics of today must have a firm grip on their Faith, lest the vagaries of Modernistic teachings disturb the foundations of their belief.

TREASURY OF FAITH SERIES. By Rev. George D. Smith, Ph.D., D.D., General Editor. Macmillan Co., New York City. Price: 60 Cents per volume.

MAN AND HIS DESTINY, by Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J.

JESUS CHRIST, MAN OF SORROWS, by Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J.

THE SUPERNATURAL VIRTUES, by Rev. T. E. Flynn.

SIN AND REPENTANCE, by Rev. E. J. Mahoney.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY, by Rev. Justin McCann, O.S.B.

THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT, by Rev. J. P. Arendzen.

The six newest additions to the Treasury of Faith Series are quite up to the high standard set by the authors, editor and publisher in these volumes which have already appeared. In these days when religion, religious questions and religious doctrines are so constantly being aired over the radio, in the current magazines, the best sellers, and the Monday morning editions of the metropolitan dailies, this handy, well written, all embracing series of "theology for the laity" comes not amiss. No one of them exceeds a hundred pages, and the popular, straightforward, and, whenever possible, non-theological style render them easily and quickly read, and ensure a sufficient understanding of the questions and dogmas which they treat of.

OUR PRIESTLY LIFE. By Joseph Bruneau, S.S. John Murphy Co., Baltimore, Md. Price: \$1.25.

Many "devotionettes" flourishing in the Church today priests can well forego and cherish rather those solid practices of the Christian life which send their roots into the very depths and essence of the sacerdotal state. Father Olier, the founder of the Society of St. Sulpice, was wont to instill these great principles into the ecclesiastical students under his care and composed for them an epitome of priestly holiness entitled, "*Pietas Seminarii Sancti Sulpicii*," which he left as a legacy to his spiritual children,

Father Bruneau, S.S., has taken this short outline and used it as the basis of a splendid treatise for the spiritual welfare of the clergy.

OUR PRIESTLY LIFE sums up in a threefold principle of perfection the ideal of the priestly life, viz., the Blessed Sacrament, *vita legis*; Self Sacrifice or Love of the Cross, *opus legis*; The Scriptures, *verbum legis*.

For the priest, indeed, to live is Christ, Christ living and sanctifying, Christ suffering and dying, Christ speaking and teaching, since the priest is an *Alter Christus*. Our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph and the true model of a secular priest, St. John, are placed by the author in the same intimate relation with the priest, a singular and beautifully wrought parallel. Priests will readily treasure this little work and make it a *vade mecum* in a true sense, to which purpose the smallness of the book lends itself. Likewise all ecclesiastical students would profit well to make OUR PRIESTLY LIFE the daily companion of their seminary life.

ADORATION. By Father F. X. Reuter. Benziger Bros., New York City. Price: \$3.00.

Of all the books on the Holy Hour, ADORATION is the first to make use of the liturgy and history of the Church as the basis for meditation and devotion. Each week of the year is provided for with a doctrinal, practical and liturgical reading, while the prayers prescribed are taken from the missal and other authentic sources. The approved litanies, too, are to be found, along with many miscellaneous indulgenced prayers and popular hymns. The busy pastor prevented by a round of duties from preparing a fit service for the Holy Hour will find ADORATION invaluable. To both religious and lay people it should appeal as a seasonable aid to solid piety.

FATHER SCOTT'S RADIO TALKS (1927-1928) STATION WLWL. By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S.J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York City. Price: \$2.00.

America today, is undergoing a period of religious unrest. Those who have a finger on the pulse of the nation tell us that there is a universal demand for principles of action. This is only too evident, as can be seen from the enthusiastic sincerity with which such questions as: Church and State, Birth Control, Divorce and Marriage, Religious Authority, etc., are being debated and discussed. Our people are seeking guidance in the greatest concerns of life. No one is more cognizant of the fact than Father Scott, S.J. Not only has this gifted priest extended the con-

soling doctrines of the Church to many by way of the radio, but, to reach out into even wider fields of endeavor, he has published his lectures in book form. If we can judge from the hearty enthusiasm manifested by radio fans, his book is destined to meet with immediate success. In RADIO TALKS the author forcefully but briefly marshalls facts in defense of the Church's attitude on such subjects as Faith, Modernism, Church Unity, Sex Matters, Divorce, The Index, The Pope, etc., questions which, to the non-Catholic mind, are clamoring for solution. In view of recent happenings, the chapter on the Roman Question will shed much light to those who do not understand the exact situation existing between the Italian Government and the Papacy.

In recent years many books and essays have been published dealing with the doctrine and discipline of the Church, but we do not think it an exaggeration to say that this handy little volume is one of the best of its kind, not only because of the author's argumentative and persuasive ability in treating his subject, but also in view of the importance and opportuneness of the topics themselves. Indeed they seem to have been chosen expressly because of their appropriateness, for as the author states in his preface: "The keen interest at present displayed in things Catholic, makes it advisable to be well informed on what so much concerns people generally."

RADIO TALKS along with CREDENTIALS OF CHRISTIANITY and RELIGION AND COMMON SENSE by the same author, form an apologetic trio that should be in ready access to every Catholic. Then, too, the book makes a fine gift to those outside the Fold.

THE LIFE OF ALL LIVING. By Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D., S.T.D. The Century Company, New York. Price: \$1.75.

This latest book of Dr. Sheen will not disappoint those who know the high standard set by "God and Intelligence" and "Religion Without God." THE LIFE OF ALL LIVING is a striking combination of the truths of biology, philosophy, and Divine Revelation. Postulating the great truths of Revelation which are beyond the scope of unaided reason, Dr. Sheen uses reason to illustrate them and to bring them into harmony with all that is best in human nature. By the skilful and penetrating use of analogy the author attempts a "description of Revealed Truths in terms of biology."

WHAT IS LIFE is the opening question of the book. In answer we are brought through the various stages of experienced reality to the realization that life is what the philosophers have defined as immanent activity. By means

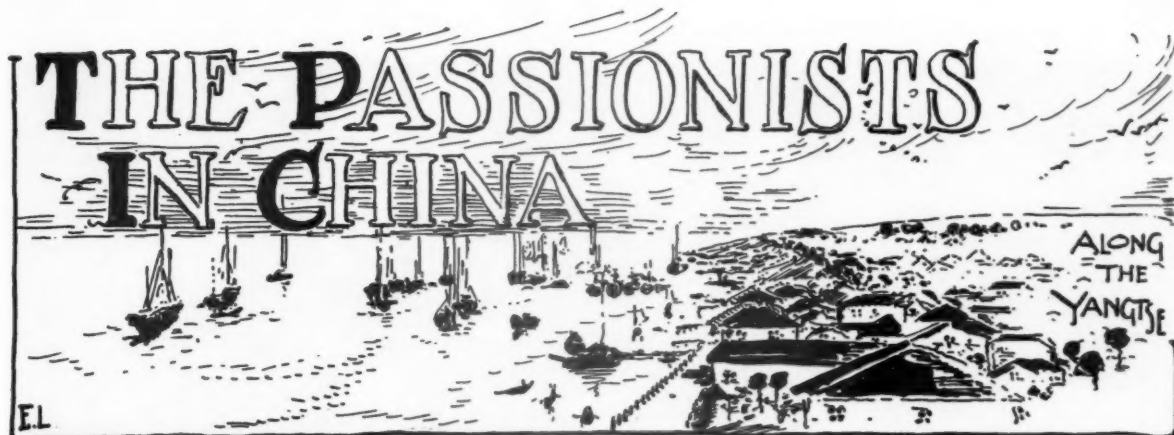
of a principle expressed by St. Thomas, "the greater the immanent activity, the higher the life," we are led to see that the highest and the perfect life is found in God. God in His Unity and Trinity of Persons is Life, Perfect Life, sufficient unto Himself and the ultimate source whence come all imperfect manifestations of life. That is why God is the "Life of All Living."

Fortunately for us the fecundity of life which we see revealed on all sides in the constant procession of life from other life has its counterpart in the supernatural order. Through the Word, Who became flesh and dwelt amongst us "the procession of life moves on from God to us," and we through the regenerating waters of Baptism are born into that Life which Christ came to give. The life thus given from above is nourished and grows by being fed with the vivifying food of the Holy Eucharist, the Living Bread, without which the infused divine life of grace will soon wither and die.

In the chapter on "The Second Law of Life—Mortification," we have one of the finest in the book. In this chapter is a lesson the modern world sadly needs. For the prevalent philosophies today, man is the center and final end of all things. There is no life on a higher plane into which man must be born if he is to round out a perfect existence. For the Christian, however, there is a higher life, a supernatural life. We can live this higher life only by dying to our lower life, just as in the physical world a lower form of life ascends to a higher plane by dying to itself and being incorporated in the more excellent life. The splendid working out of this thought will supply much material for meditation for those who wish a profounder insight into the way to gain life by losing it.

The concluding chapter on "The Hymn of Life" is a unification of the diversities of life. Man sums up in himself the lower order of things and holds commerce with God in the name of the rest of the universe. Man unifies all the visible creation and in turn all men are unified, "into a brotherhood under a common Father" by Jesus Christ, Who links the finite with the infinite. Through the Hypostatic Union man has a link which binds him not to the beast, but "a link which is to bind him to God," the Ultimate term of all progress. Thus is life which originally came from God able to return to Him.

Above, something was said about meditation. With further emphasis on this point we shall close this review. Meditation on the various chapters of this book will serve to refresh Christian faith and help greatly towards a reasonable and satisfying interpretation of life and its problems.



Letters From Our Missionaries

IT IS now sometime since we were forced to leave our missions but up to this time the readers of *THE SIGN* have read nothing about the return to Lungshan.

Back at least in Lungshan! Four days of travel, slow, very slow travel in China's enervating July sun! Then to this was added the "pleasure" of watching the men who were carrying my baggage. The danger of soldiers and bandits along the way made it imperative to accompany my belongings to insure their safe arrival at Lungshan. This meant that although riding a mule, I could go neither slower nor faster than a man carrying a heavy burden can walk. These carriers had to stop every once in a while to eat, to rest and to smoke opium. But even the longest journey must come to an end. We eventually reached Lungshan!

At the gates of the city we were confronted by soldiers with rifles with bayonets fixed. These soldiers belong to the province of Kweichow. Daily they are in fear of an attack from the soldiers of Hunan. So when they saw my trunk and other baggage they must examine them and see what is inside. We may be the opposing army coming to attack them! Their intention was to open all the parcels and go through them right there in the street. I could not quite see this. I told them that some of their men could come along with me to the mission and once there they could give all my goods a thorough examination if they desired. There was a long talk and at the end of it they requested me to accompany them

Lungshan

By CONSTANTINE LEECH, C.P.

to their superior officer. This was just what I had hoped for and when I met the officer and explained, he quickly sent a message to the soldiers at the gate to allow our party and all baggage to pass through to the city.



FR. CORMAC SHANAHAN ABOUT TO USE HIS NEW SADDLE ON A SIXTEEN-MILE TRIP FOR CONFESSION!

The mission at Lungshan, while a trifle musty after my long absence, could have been much worse. During the troubled times and the many changes of soldiers that took place here while I was away, my catechist was able to remain at the mission and in one way or another succeeded in keeping the soldiers out of it. He thus prevented the loss of much mission property due to the thieving propensities of many of the soldiers. Thanks be to God little or no harm came to the mission.

Since I am back I have had an experience which I would like to make known to the readers of *THE SIGN*. There was a soul who had gone astray from God. I had done all within my power to bring this soul back to God. I had almost despaired of ever succeeding in this ambition and was on the point of giving up in the hope that God's Mercy might bring him to his senses again. It was at this time that I took particular notice to the articles in *THE SIGN* relating to the many favors obtained through St. Jude. Immediately I started a novena to this great apostle and I also had the wife of the man do the same. The novena was hardly finished when this man came back to Confession and Communion. Thanks to St. Jude, whose wonderful intercession I wish to make known through this letter.

And now to turn our thoughts to something amusing and more worldly. Recently I have noticed the care with which fighting crickets are raised here in China. When I first heard of cricket fights the very idea seemed humorous. But here in China it is



AT THE BELGIAN PROCURE IN SHANGHAI. SEATED: FR. CUSHMAN, NEW YORK; BISHOP DUNN, NEW YORK, AND FR. WYGERDE (BELGIUM PROCURATOR). STANDING: FR. SHIPMAN, THREE COLUMBAN FATHERS, FR. KELLY, MARYKNOLL; FR. CLEMENT, C.P., AND FR. MCDONNELL, NEW YORK

carried on in a manner similar to the American prizefights. Even the children may be seen here and there searching in the fields for these little cricket warriors. When one is captured the country boy usually places the cricket in a small tubular cage made of bamboo. The cage is about eight or ten inches in length and has slits in the sides. When the battle is to be staged another cricket is placed in the same cage and then all the youngsters gather to enjoy the fight.

Cricket fighting is a real national sport in China. In some parts of China the cricket fights are held in public places. Frequently there are side bets of millions of dollars on a single fight. Cricket fanciers come from far and wide and the game is by no means limited to the uneducated or ignorant Chinese. Just as with the American prizefights — the fighters being carefully matched, so, too, is it with the cricket fights of China. The crickets are carefully classified into heavyweights, lightweights, etc. Even color is given consideration in order to make the fight as even as possible.

To quote from an article that appeared in the *Hankow Herald* of October 21, 1928: "On tiny scales

the warring crickets are weighed. Then they are placed in the arena, a special pottery jar on a silken cover spread over the table. The fight is on.

"The director of the battle, the referee, announces the past history of the combatants and then incites them to battle by tickling them with a pig's bristle. . . . Irritated, angered, with no refuge in sight, the crickets flash into cannibalistic action. The massacre is on. . . . Presently the center of the tiny stage is held by a new champion or an old victorious one.

"Beyond the arena stand the breathless sportsmen of China, betting higher and higher. Unbelievable stakes are lost on these cricket champions. In a single match recently held in Canton \$1,000,000 changed hands. The committee holding the stakes turns over the winnings to the owner of the champion cricket after retaining a ten per cent fee to cover expenses, including placards posted here and there advertising the merits of each cricket.

"The season's champion is called the 'Grand Marshall.' The owner is presented with a roast pig, a bolt of silk or a gilded ornament. The champion's name is engraved on an

ivory tablet in the shape of a gourd, its everyday home. This is his diploma. . . ."

The owner is considered a great man and receives the applause of the crowd. He is the envy of all. And when he returns home he gives the very best care to his tiny champion. "He cares for the victorious one in his little pottery jar or walnut shell as delicately carved as only a Chinese craftsman can carve. . . . The Grand Marshall is fed on a special diet, and if he overeats he has to chew red insects, or mosquitoes if he catches cold, or tender green pea shoots if he gets overheated, or bamboo butterflies if he breathes with difficulty." And here again we have another angle of China and her customs.

A HUGE TASK

ALL this is very amusing. But there is a great task before me here in Lungshan and I must not lose time. I am in a new district, in a new mission. There are no Christians, no church, no school, no house for the poor orphans for whom charity demands that we care. The little work that was accomplished by me before the Revolution has come to naught during my long absence.

It means that I must start over again.

More than ever we missionaries here in China realize how absolutely necessary prayer is for the success of the missions. We can work and make sacrifices, but above all we must have prayers and all the prayers possible if we are to succeed. For the most part the people here are friendly but they are indifferent to religion. Only the grace of God can make them good Christians. So please help all you can and have your friends join you in your prayers. Let us all pray that God bring the people of Lungshan to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

My Visit To China

By SEBASTIAN OCHSENREITER, C.P.

NO NEED to repeat here the story of the welcome given me by Father Cuthbert, the Sisters of Charity and by the Christians of the First Passionist Mission in China to which I had

come. July 26th, the feast of Good St. Anne, and I was in Wuki! I can never forget that day for it seemed more like a dream than a reality. Had there been the least encouragement given to the Christians the celebration of my arrival would have continued until I left there. As a matter of fact it did continue for several days and I shall try to give you some idea of all that went on during that period.

All day Thursday it was necessary for Father Cuthbert to direct the visitors away from the mission. To them it was the only place of interest that counted. They continued to come and Father Cuthbert was kept busy bowing them out and away. When the Christians had assembled for their night prayers they suggested to Father Cuthbert that they have a parade after prayers. The permission was readily granted and Chinese lanterns were prepared. A bit of candle was placed in each lantern and all were lighted. The drummers and buglers had the spirit of the occasion and never were drums pounded more lustily and never were bugles blown more mercilessly than during that parade

through the lanes and streets of the mountain village of Wuki.

A HOLIDAY AROUND

THE parade started and the crowd followed without order with the exception of the catechist who was the self-constituted grand marshal of the host of marchers. Firecrackers were set off at the beginning of the parade and continued their noise throughout the march. As far as I know they continued to be fired off until far into the night.

The marchers paraded all through the valley and all who beheld it looked on with spellbound admiration at this grand exhibition of strength and spirit of the Catholic Church. They marched for over two hours and when they returned to the mission there was a perfect riot of noise until Father Cuthbert had to assert his authority and order them to their homes.

It may surprise you to know that the pagan principal of the local school considered the occasion of sufficient importance to justify him in declaring a holiday for the pupils from Thursday until the following Monday. He himself came to the



FATHERS CUTHBERT, SEBASTIAN AND PAUL WITH SISTERS AND CHRISTIANS AT WUKI MISSION



FATHER WALTER IN HIS CHINESE AIRPLANE

mission to pay his respects, as did the commanding officer of the home-guard of soldiers. It was also an occasion that brought back to the mission some careless Christians who had not been near the Church for months. Anyone who claimed to be a Christian could not afford to absent himself at such a "mighty time." He would have lost his share in the glory and in what the Chinese call "Big Face."

The attendance at Mass on the following Sunday was unusually large and equalled that of many of the big feasts of the year. The new Sen Fu was to celebrate the Mass. Hence no one should absent himself and thereby miss the papal blessing which followed the Mass. Father Paul was mustered into service as extraordinary confessor and, owing to the large number who availed themselves of the opportunity, Mass had to be postponed for more than an hour in order to allow time for all to be shriven. Father Paul was the preacher and he preached what ap-

peared to me as a most eloquent sermon. It was most edifying to see the great number of men, women and children approach the Communion rail and receive our Blessed Lord.

SPIRIT OF FAITH

AFTER Mass I had to meet each of the Christians again. They genuflected on both knees and bowed profoundly as they received the priestly blessing. Had I turned around and started back for America after witnessing the spirit of Faith of the good people of Wuki, it would have been hard to convince myself that I was visiting a pagan country where the Christians are relatively few in number.

The catechist proposed to Father Cuthbert that they have another parade that evening after night prayers. He said that they had gone up the valley on Thursday night but that now they should also go down the valley as well. The word was passed about during the day that night prayers would be an hour

earlier and that there would be another parade in the evening. All were on hand for prayers and after that we had the same wild and disordered scramble as we had witnessed on Thursday night when each one tried to get a piece of candle for the lantern. The catechist was kept busy with a small-sized meat axe, borrowed without doubt from the kitchen of the mission, chopping candles the regulation length. As a matter of course the same military band of Wuki was on hand for the great event. There is no doubt that it will be told to another generation how one was a drummer and another a bugler, etc., on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

The parade was quite some time in getting started. I could not find out the reason for the delay but finally Father Cuthbert took a hand and, taking the paraders by the arms started them down the road without order or design. Some lines had two, some had three or four marchers and some individuals walked alone. The lanterns were carried at every conceivable angle. Why they did not catch fire is more than I can tell. We had fire-crackers of course, and plenty! The line of march was three miles each way; and some of the marchers had another three miles to walk home after it was all over! All hardships and anything that savored of gloom was forgotten in the midst of the festive spirit which gripped all.

The children took part. All who were able to walk walked, and those that had not yet learned this accomplishment were proudly carried in the arms of their mothers. I do not know the hour at which the marchers returned. I was not brave enough to remain awake. I was aroused from my slumbers by a great noise and I thought I had overslept. But this unpleasant thought was soon dispelled when I beheld the flickering lights making grotesque figures on the ceiling. Then I realized that only now was the parade real history, ready to be written in the chronicles of Wuki.

My plans had been to leave Wuki on the following day. We had run the full gamut of festivities at the mission. But I reckoned too soon. I simply must postpone my departure for at least one day. Father Cuthbert had had his chance to celebrate and the Christians had had their days. Now the Sisters of Charity,

in charge of the women's compound must have theirs. We must have a Chinese banquet before leaving! Nominally, at least, the Christian women gave the banquet. But I still have my suspicions that the blame or the glory of it belongs to the two archconspiritors, Sisters Electa and Rose Patricia.

AT THE WOMEN'S COMPOUND

AT NOON on Tuesday Fathers Cuthbert, Paul and I went over to the women's compound which is situated about two city blocks from the mission chapel. There we were greeted by the entire company of the institute. They were all smiles and at a given signal a deafening report of a thousand or possibly more fire-crackers of all sizes and of varying strength banged away and continued until we had made our way through the smoke of battle into the inner recesses of the dining hall. Here we were told that it was the catechumens' banquet. This was told me so often that the doubt above referred to would not leave my mind.

Unfortunately for me there were no menu cards. The readers are missing a good part of the treat because I do not know the names of all the dishes that were brought to the table at that banquet. I feel almost sure that all that crawls or creeps or walks or flies or swims or grows, not only in China, but in the world at large, was duly represented at that table. Meat, fish, vegetables, fowl, pastries and fruits—all were there. And then I was introduced to chopsticks.

In the center of the table they placed a roasted chicken. No knives were used. One had to manage to pinch a piece with the chopsticks and then pull the pinch loose. The same was true of all the dishes. It was pinch, pinch, pinch. The Sisters laughed heartily as time and time again I lost the pinch either at the pick or dropping it while on the way to safely deposit it in my mouth. It was a good place for a pinch hitter but I had to do the best I could with the result that I missed more than I landed.

All pinch or pick out of the same dish. There are no individual plates. And, of course, according to American hygiene doctors was all dreadfully unsanitary! It certainly was unsanitary, but we were not concerned with microbes, domestic or foreign, as this affair had to be carried out in

true Wukian fashion.

The names of some of the dishes will make chicken sound very commonplace. There was soup, for instance, made from birds' nests. Sharks' fins and sea weed were served as well as bamboo shoots. Antique eggs proved a delicacy. These eggs are commonly known as "black eggs" and are considered as a rarity among the poorer Chinese. The egg is cooked in slacking lime. It is fished out of the lime and rolled in straw. It may then be buried and kept for years. The older it is the higher its value. The white of the egg turns black and the yolk becomes a dark green. Such eggs are aged similar to some of our cheeses.

I cannot recall the names of many of the dishes and I do not know what they were. For all I know we might have eaten dragon's teeth and lion's claws and innumerable other articles that no white man ever knew he was eating. But the banquet was a fitting climax to the royal reception I received in the mountain village of Wuki.

Before I leave Wuki I am going to write a few words about the mission itself. Usually a description of the place is the beginning of an account of such a visit. In this case I have had the very best of reasons

in leaving this description till the end.

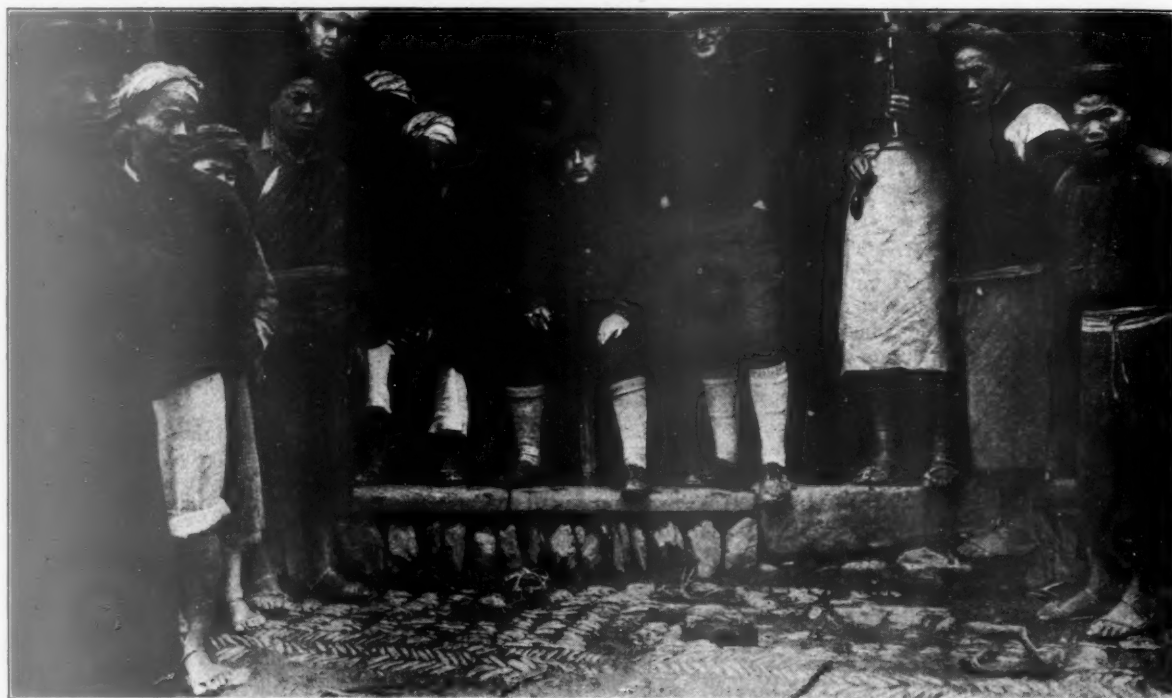
The village of Wuki nestles among mountains which may be appropriately called the foot-hills of a mountainous range extending into North Hunan. The inhabitants are plain, country folk busily engaged in the rice fields or in the cultivation of tea. They do not know the meaning of amusement or pleasure in the general acceptance of these words. Happily the troubles of the past two years never percolated through the mountains and their minds were not poisoned by the virus spread by the Bolsheviks throughout many districts of China. These people still retain their unsophisticated simplicity and, as results show, they readily respond to the invitation of the Gospel and Christianity.

Until quite recently they were without a resident priest. Whenever it was possible, a priest came from Shenchow to visit them. But this never averaged more than once a month. Since the priest has resided here there has been a very noticeable reawakening and there is promise of a good harvest of souls for the Church.

Materially speaking much remains to be done. This mission is still a great distance from the time when it



WUKI CHRISTIAN BOYS AND TWO CATECHISTS ON THE NEW STONE BREAK-WATER ERECTED TO PROTECT THE MISSION PROPERTY FROM FLOOD DURING RAINY SEASON



FATHERS WALTER AND FRANCIS STOP AT A WAYSIDE INN FOR LUNCH

can become independent and self-supporting. Property must be bought and buildings must be erected. There is no disguising the fact that much money is necessary before the great work can be carried on as it should be done. If the readers of *THE SIGN* could be privileged to see, as I have seen, the enthusiasm of these good and simple people, if they could realize the great harvest that simply awaits better conditions, I am sure that there would be no necessity of an appeal for necessary funds.

Property in the neighborhood is available now for approximately \$500.00 and could be purchased. To erect a suitable church, priest's house, catechumenates for men and for women \$3,000.00 more would be required. Surely some of our readers will begin to help where results will speedily follow. God will surely reward the helpers of this truly apostolic mission work.

Wuki is now a happy memory to me. The time came at length when I had to be on my way. Bright and early in the morning the carriers were busy arranging their packs amidst the usual bedlam of noises and shouting with all the fortissimo stops in their lung wide open. It is beyond all doubt that nothing can be done by the Chinese in China unless there be the

customary shouting and confusion of every kind. I left Wuki with regret and now in memory I look back to my all too short visit there with mingled feelings of happiness and hope for the future.

"An Aerial Ride in China"

By WALTER COVEYOU, C.P.

IT WAS our good fortune to have the monotony of sleeping in Chinese inns broken by occasional stops at Catholic Missions along the way. On arriving at Changteh, November 12th, we went to the Mission House of the Augustinians to stay for the night. Here we met Father Angelo, who is in charge of the Seminary, Father David and a Chinese priest, Father Chang, who has reached the great age of eighty-two years. They received us with the greatest kindness. May God bless and further the work they are doing.

We traveled from Changteh to Shenchow in what may be called Chinese airplanes. These are wicker

chairs suspended between two bamboo poles. When one leaves the ground in one of these chairs, one experiences the same sensation as when riding in an airplane. The big difference is that one feels safer in a real airplane. We were able to get enough carriers for the chairs and the baggage so we could start the next morning. There were thirty-three carriers in all. Sixteen for the four chairs, sixteen for the baggage that we either needed on the way or did not care to leave at Changteh to be taken up by boat within the next month or so. Another, an elderly man, acted as boss of the caravan. Besides these men, we had our own cook, Soo Si Fu, and Pio who is Father Paul's helper at the mission in Shenchow. With the four missionaries, Fathers Paul, Francis, Nicholas and myself, we had thirty-nine in the entourage.

ON THE ROAD

AN EARLY start is the usual thing on these trips. We were on our way as soon as it was light enough to see. The caravan wended its way through the dirty crooked streets of Changteh making its way toward the western gate. The streets are made crooked because the Chinese believe that an evil spirit can

not turn a corner. If he rode in a chair that would be nearly true, for the bamboo poles are about sixteen feet long and take up the whole corner in making a turn. I had the biggest thrill of the trip before I was in the chair three minutes. At frequent intervals the carriers shift the weight from one shoulder to the other. As they do so they rest the weight of the chair on a short piece of wood about five feet long. On the first shift, the piece of wood used by the two carriers in front slipped on the stone pavement. I thought I was going into a nose dive and could feel the bamboo splinters sticking into me from every angle. But the carriers caught it in time and my life was spared for the nonce.

We were fortunate in the caliber of our helpers. They were willing and apparently made of iron. They never lagged. Soo Si Fu, our cook, was the source of much amusement. He had a way of exploding and pouring forth his words in such a torrent that we dubbed him "howitzer." Whenever we stopped a crowd would gather to watch him set up the little oil stove and prepare the foreigners food. He took great pride in putting on his act three times a day. He would hold a can of beans at arm's length, become deeply im-

mersed in profound thought, then with an "eureka" expression would bustle about to get the can opener. He would have one of the curious bystanders getting water, another washing the dish, and great would be their delight if an empty can were their reward. Soo Si Fu was always jovial. One big disappointment came to him on the trip. One day in our eagerness to reach a certain stopping place we took only two meals, so our cook had only two exhibitions that day.

THE AUGUSTINIANS RECEIVE

IF EVER weary travelers were glad to get to a haven of rest we were that first evening. It began to rain about eleven o'clock in the morning and continued for the rest of the day. The chair itself was covered with a waterproof cloth, but our knees and feet got soaked. The rain made traveling slower and we did not reach the Augustinian mission till long after dark. This mission is at Tao Yuan (Peach Garden). The warm welcome we received from Fathers Nicanor and Augustine soon made us forget the chill that had penetrated to the very marrow of our bones. We decided before going to bed not to resume our journey the next day if it were still raining in the

morning. It was raining even harder so we did not leave Tao Yuan till Thursday morning, November 15th. We spent that day in Tao Yuan trying to dry our clothes and repair the damage done to our luggage.

Thursday was a bright, clear day and we walked a great part of the way. The scenery was beautiful and many curious things attracted our attention. One thing that impressed itself upon us was the great poverty of the masses. Many a tumble-down, thatched roof shack we saw that served as a shelter for a water buffalo, a pig, a few chickens and a half dozen or more humans representing three or four generations. The highway we traveled is a mere path, that winds around through the rice fields, or rather between them as the Chinese would not think of using ground for a highway that could be used for anything else. Apparently no work has been done on these paths for over centuries. There are stones in the road that have been stepped over for years and years and no one takes the care to remove them. Even these stones, it would seem, are hallowed, and to remove them would be disrespectful to the ancients who stumbled over them. The new government is making many changes and there are signs of better times. It is



MAIN STREET IN THE CITY OF SHENCHOW — OUR MISSION HEADQUARTERS



IN THEIR FIRST CHINESE SUITS. FRs. PAUL, FRANCIS, WALTER AND NICHOLAS

trying to shake off the lethargy that has kept this potentially great nation in a mummified state. An automobile road has been started between Changteh and Shenchow. It is progressing very slowly and there is every reason to doubt that it will ever be finished. What they need is an Irish "Boss" like the one that told his laggard gang when they quoted the old saying "Rome wasn't built in a day," "I wasn't boss of that job." With this road completed a trip between the two cities could be made in six hours, whereas it took us six days.

We arrived at the little village of Tsen Chia Chi about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It is situated in one of the most beautiful valleys I have seen since coming to China. Not caring to sit around the inn to be gawked at till supper was ready, Father Francis and I took a walk. In a few minutes we were out of the small village. In order to get a view of the surrounding country we climbed a hill nearby. It was so steep that we could get to the top only by walking around to the south side. We were well repaid for our effort. From this point we could see the little village to the west. It looked very clean and cozy and picturesque in its setting of rice fields which looked like so many curiously shaped rice bowls. These bowls mean much to a nation of more than four hundred millions. If there is plenty of

rain the people thrive; if a drought, millions go through the horrors of a famine and many thousands die. The last crop failed. At this early date we see evidences of the coming famine, and it will be mid-summer before the next harvest.

A CHINESE INN

THAT night was our first in a Chinese inn. It was not large. Like all Chinese buildings, it was open across its entire front during the day and was boarded up at night. The "lobby" extended the entire width of the building and served for a lounging-room, dining-room and kitchen. At one end was an open fireplace. The smoke had blackened the walls and the rafters, and soot laden cobwebs, hanging in long streamers gave a decorative though sombre appearance to the place. Small groups of Chinese were gathered here and there around a pan of charcoal some sitting on small wooden benches while most of them squatted in Chinese fashion. We were the center of attraction especially when we set the table for our evening meal. They seemed rather amused when we spread a piece of linen on the table and were more than puzzled at our use of knives and forks. Dogs and chickens made quite a fuss over the crumbs that fell from the table but beat a hasty retreat when a pig strolled in from the street and in true bolshevist style

was not the least particular in what he upset. As there was danger of having our vituals scattered on the ground, there was no floor in the inn, we lost patience and drove the intruder out. There were a few private rooms in the rear, but after examining the straw-covered wooden beds, we decided that their inhabitants gave promise of a poor night's rest, so we placed our portable cots in the lobby, dining-room, or whatever you choose to call it, and had an undisturbed night's repose.

Friday morning, November 16th, we started earlier than usual. In order to reach Wuki the next day about noon, we asked the carriers to take us ninety li today instead of the customary seventy. They were agreeable and to show our appreciation we walked a great part of the way. No breakfast was taken till 10 o'clock and our next meal when we arrived at the end of our day's journey. Everything was so peaceful and quiet that the thought of bandits had subsided to the subconscious strata. We were walking along enjoying the beautiful scenery when we were startled by a terrific explosion nearby. When our feet got back to earth we realized that the shot was not directed at us. Father Paul told us it was a Chinese funeral. The shot was fired to scare away evil spirits. In a rice field we saw other evidence of Chinese practices. A plot of ground about ninety feet square was marked off with bamboo stakes about five feet high. The whole square was bristling with them, and were set in such a way as to form a winding path. The corpse is carried around and around this path in order to puzzle the evil spirits and prevent them from pursuing the departed soul.

Saturday, November 17th, we arrived at Wuki shortly after noon. This was the first mission we visited that is taken care of by our missionaries. It was a great consolation to see the good work being done. The Very Rev. Cuthbert O'Gara is in charge of this mission but we did not have the pleasure of meeting him as he had left for Hankow a few days before to have an infected tooth treated. Father Godfrey Holbein was in charge temporarily and gave us a most cordial reception. He was not expecting us but turned the mission inside out to accommodate us. We shall never forget the kindness

of the two Sisters of Charity, stationed there, Sisters Electa and Patricia. Having traveled in China themselves they knew how tired one can become of canned goods. So they prepared a meal fit for a king and sent it up to the priests' house. It was a treat never to be forgotten.

SHENCHOW SOON!

AFTER saying Mass on Sunday morning we again hit the trail. It was with lightened hearts and quickened pace that we started this last lap of our journey. One thought was uppermost in our minds, "Tomorrow we shall be in Shenchow!"

Monday, November 19th, will ever be a memorable day for Fathers Francis, Nicholas and myself. Today we would come to the end of a long, long journey and reach our new home in the very heart of China. We halted for breakfast about 9 o'clock. Here we met a messenger sent out by the Rt. Rev. Prefect, to greet us and to hasten back to give notice of our approach. About 3 o'clock that afternoon we met another delegation from the mission. The seminarians, the catechist and a few others met us a couple of miles from Shenchow. We came upon them rather unexpectedly and were greeted by a blast of bugles followed by the setting off of hundreds of fire-crackers. We halted about ten minutes to receive their welcome and to bestow our blessing. A procession was then formed, headed by a white banner, in the center of which was a cross, the emblem under which we were to "carry on." Here before us were Christians, followers of the Cross, souls that had been brought to the light of faith by the labors of our own brethren, priests we had known in the States and with whom we would henceforth be associated in the same great work.

The procession took us to the south bank of the Yuan River, opposite the city of Shenchow. Here we had our first view of our mission church with its twin towers so familiar to readers of THE SIGN. At the other side of the river, which we crossed in boats, we were greeted by the orphans and many others who had gathered to bid us welcome. Thus enlarged, the procession made its way through the main street of Shenchow. The din of the fire-crackers was deafening in the narrow street but did not reach its climax until we entered the courtyard of the mission. Here we re-

ceived a hearty welcome from the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Dominic Langenbacher, C.P., the Prefect Apostolic of Western Hunan.

Our long journey commencing in Cincinnati on September 9th, had come to an end. God had been good to us. Our trip had been made without mishap; for the most part the weather was ideal; there were no delays. We indeed had much to be thankful for. As soon as the greetings were over, we went to the Church for Benediction, there to pour out our fervent thanks to God for His many and great favors and to ask Him for the grace to be worthy soldiers of the Cross. Nor were our dear ones back home forgotten. We prayed that God might bless them and keep them from harm. In return we ask for prayers for the conversion of the millions of souls entrusted to our care.

Fenghwang

By WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C.P.

NO DOUBT many readers of THE SIGN will be interested in reading the letter which I am sending herewith. It is from Peng Venantius who was baptized at the Chenki Mission last Ascension Thursday. The lad is now eighteen years old and is attending

the Catholic University at Peking. He is preparing for the medical course at the Peking Medical Union College.

Venantius' English is a bit wobbly but he manages to make himself understood. He is the most promising lad I have met in China. His family are well-to-do and have "face." Naturally I was hesitant about baptizing the boy as he is the only one of his family a Christian.

Shortly after his baptism, the father of Venantius was made general supervisor of the Eastern Hunan Postal Service and moved from Chenki. Venantius remained at Chenki in the mission for two months afterwards and completed his course in doctrine. His description of the Bolsheviki will prove interesting.

Everything is coming along nicely at this "baby" mission of the Prefecture. God's grace is already at work among the people. Several have asked to be received into the Church, among them an old gray-whiskered Mohammedan, an opium smoker, a half-wit, a lady who is an ex-bonze, a man who had twenty-four wives and still keeps five (poor fellow!) and the grandson of the man who slaughtered so many Catholics at Kweiyang, Kweichow Province, some eighty years ago. I told this chap it was high time some member of the family began doing some penance for the sins of his grandfather. Two army officers, both colonels, are com-



SOME OF THE SHENCHOW MISSION KIDDIES. AND—NOT A GRAVE—BUT SISTER PATRICIA'S POTATO PATCH IN THE BACK YARD

ing to Mass and prayers every day. God willing, we will soon have a Christianity established here.

Fenghwang is a most pagan city. On the fifteenth day of the eight Lunar month these people observed what is called "Rub the Lion festival." Those with aches and pains went to the magistrate's grounds and there rubbed the stone lions that guard the entrance. A rub on the lions' heads was supposed to cure a headache. How pitiable it was to see human beings kow-tow before stone images in worship.

The following is the verbatim copy of the letter which Peng Venantius wrote to Father William:

CHING KANG,
August 23, 1928.

MY DEAR FR. WILLIAM:

Many thanks for your kindness the letter of August 14th, has to my hand this morning, and to know you are quite well at Kaotsun. How fast the time is past. I am living at home about one month. I want to write to you more often, but I am very idle. Certainly I went to my own village to see my relatives and friends, if you will please excuse me.

Here in Chin Kang still no Reverend Father is present. I have not been to confession and received Communion for a long time. The Church at Chin Kang is not very prosper, there is no many Christians to chant prayers every Sunday, except I and some who is living inside the mission, many of their formality

is different than Chenki Mission. I hope Father Stanchi will soon be here from Changsha. Then all will be quite well.

I want also to tell you for my father past again a great danger at Chen Chow. A great number of Bolsheviks and their army went to beaten that city, so there had a great battle. After two o'clocks they got in, to kill the people and fire the houses. But first day they want to kill the men of the post office and telegraph office, because they said "these fellows were the run dogs of the Capitalists, they also tell our enemy for our news." For that reason my father and the post master and many officers of that city get out and shirk.

Be Bo! Be Bo! this is the sound of the guns, the red soldiers chase them and wish them to death, by that time some body was dead on the road but my father again got pity and cast away. One day and night they run by road, in next day he got Kuei Yang Chow. This city is below Chenchow and Hengchow.

I am in great joy and many thanks the greatest Lord, my powerful God, for I know He is powerful. He saves my father! He saves my family and me!

The red army lived in Chenchow just eleven o'clocks, the Ga Ming army came back to beat them, they also lifted the city and ran away.

I am sorry you have not receive the Catholic University's return letter so long. I think the time is too late

now. My father and my mother all many thanks to you and dear Bishop (Monsignor) for your's kindness lit me to study again. My father want to write to you but he can't write English so good, so he commend me to write to you about his thanks as from himself.

If I shall start to Peking please tell me what I must do? Where I shall have little stops in the road, etc.?

How are you? Today is very hot I cannot tell you too much. If you have time, please return me.

With every best wishes to you from my family,

Your Loving Spiritual Son,
(Signed) P. VENANTIUS.

Gemma's League

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE
MONTH OF JANUARY

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|
| Masses Said | 14 |
| Masses Heard | 27,754 |
| Holy Communions | 16,308 |
| Visits to Blessed Sacrament | 43,083 |
| Spiritual Communions | 111,452 |
| Benediction Services | 7,929 |
| Sacrifices, Sufferings | 61,175 |
| Stations of the Cross | 10,694 |
| Visits to the Crucifix | 30,432 |
| Beads of the Five Wounds | 310,005 |
| Offerings of Precious Blood | 441,192 |
| Visits to Our Lady | 26,050 |
| Rosaries | 31,110 |
| Beads of the Seven Dolors | 4,847 |
| Ejaculatory Prayers | 3,538,200 |
| Hours of Study, Reading | 25,670 |
| Hours of Labor | 247,672 |
| Acts of Kindness, Charity | 54,765 |
| Acts of Zeal | 48,766 |
| Prayers, Devotions | 452,378 |
| Hours of Silence | 30,686 |
| Various Works | 83,743 |
| Holy Hours | 230 |

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. EGBERT ALBERT, C.P.
REV. MATTHIAS MAYOU, C.P.

REV. JOSEPH NEMETZ
THERESA FADALE
HELEN A. SHAUGHNESSY
MRS. J. H. DINNEEN
PATRICK J. O'CONNOR
CHRISTOPHER CONNOR
THOMAS KELLEHER
JOHN J. O'LEARY
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• Amen.



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America's Passion Play "VERONICA'S VEIL"

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| | |
|--------------------|-------------|
| Sunday Aft. | February 17 |
| Sunday Eve. | February 17 |
| Tuesday Eve. | February 19 |
| Thursday Eve. | February 21 |
| Sunday Aft. | February 24 |
| Sunday Eve. | February 24 |
| Tuesday Eve. | February 26 |
| Thursday Eve. | February 28 |
| Sunday Aft. | March 3 |
| Sunday Eve. | March 3 |
| Tuesday Eve. | March 5 |
| Thursday Eve. | March 7 |
| Sunday Aft. | March 10 |
| Sunday Eve. | March 10 |
| Tuesday Eve. | March 12 |
| Thursday Eve. | March 14 |
| Sunday Aft. | March 17 |
| Sunday Eve. | March 17 |
| Tuesday Eve. | March 19 |
| Thursday Eve. | March 21 |
| Sunday Aft. | March 24 |
| Sunday Eve. | March 24 |
| Tuesday Eve. | March 26 |

Extra performances will be
announced later.

CHILDREN'S PERFORMANCES

| | |
|--------------------|-------------|
| Sunday Aft. | January 27 |
| Saturday Aft. | February 2 |
| Sunday Aft. | February 3 |
| Saturday Aft. | February 9 |
| Sunday Aft. | February 10 |
| Tuesday Aft. | February 12 |
| Saturday Aft. | February 16 |
| Friday Aft. | February 22 |

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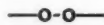
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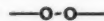
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*.....
(\$.....) for the purpose of
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of Incorporation. And I hereby
direct my executor to pay said
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CORPORATED, taking his re-
ceipt therefor within.....
months after my demise.*

*In witness whereof I have
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.....day of
.....19.....*

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Witness.....
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